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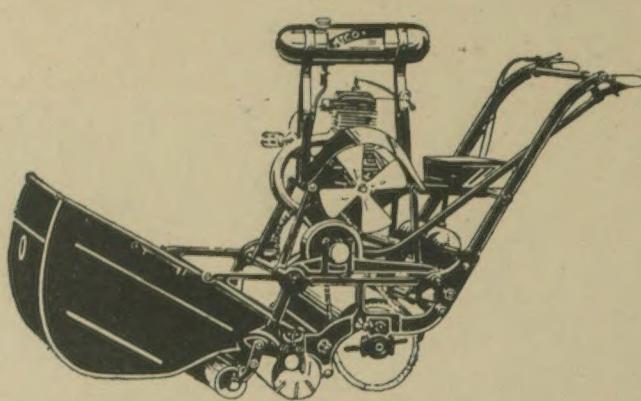
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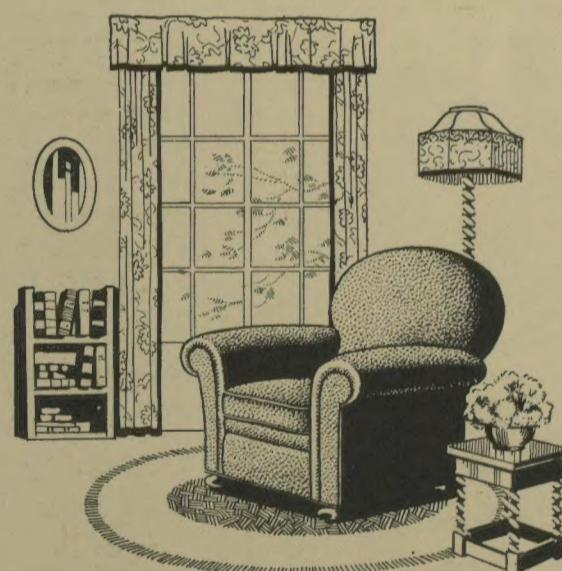
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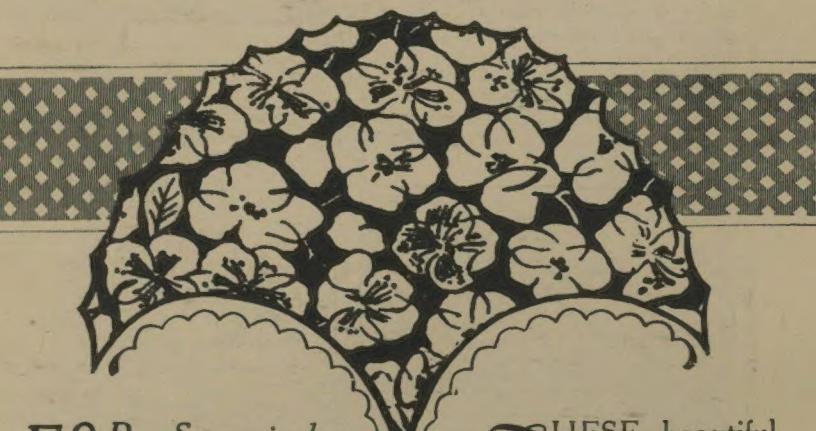
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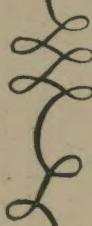
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1928.

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A "WIZARD OF THE NORTH": THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PAN" NEARING HIS SIXTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY.

Sir James Barrie, according to chronology, will keep his sixty-eighth birthday on May 9, but it may seem to some of us that, like Peter Pan, he will never "grow up." His genius has so much of the quality of perennial youth and unworldliness. He has won fame in two fields, the novel and the drama. Among his most popular books are "A Window in Thrums," "My Lady Nicotine," and "The Little Minister." His plays are still greater favourites.

Besides "Peter Pan"—the hardy annual of every Christmas season—what memories are evoked by the mere titles of "Quality Street," "The Admirable Crichton," "What Every Woman Knows," "A Kiss for Cinderella," "Dear Brutus," and "Mary Rose"? He was born at Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, on May 9, 1860. In 1913 he was made a Baronet; in 1919 he was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews University; and in 1922 he received the Order of Merit.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is peculiar that the world has grown suddenly very fond of the word Outline. It is funnier still that this is at the very moment when men have least liking for the sort of definite limit that is really an Outline. It is funniest of all that the word is a particular favourite with the particular men who dread and detest the very notion of having any Outline of anything; who desire all things to fade into infinity like a vignette. There is a paper of this name, with which I have once or twice had occasion to differ; and there was, of course, Mr. H. G. Wells's original model for all such things, called "The Outline of History." After that there is to pass before us, apparently, an endless line of outlines: the Outline of Science, the Outline of Business, the Outline of Monopoly, the Outline of Usury—in short, roughly speaking, all the useful modern arts. Some say that art is unmoral; and some of these arts are very unmoral. I may not have described them here in the correct conventional terms; but then I do not think that art is unmoral. Art, like morality, consists of drawing the line somewhere. The Outliners seldom draw the line anywhere. But in the evolutionary paper called the *Outline*, I suddenly saw something sharply significant. The writer let the cat out of the bag, if I may use so material a metaphor of one who is, I am sure, too ideally abstracted even to know that there was a cat in his bag. There are more cats in his bag than ever came out of it; there are more dogmas and prejudices at the back of his mind than he has ever condescended to examine. For that is what is meant to-day by being broad-minded: living on prejudices and never looking at them.

The writer in the *Outline* was rebuking me for saying, in this place, that it is nonsense to neglect creed in considering character. I pointed out that character can only be good or bad in relation to some view of the life we have to live, or the world we have to live in. A Manichee who thinks the devil made the world, a materialist who thinks the world made itself, a pessimist who thinks it is a pity it was made at all, a pietist who thinks it was made as a preparation for a better one—all these men will obviously have different standards of value about various things in this world; they would be fools if they did not. It is folly to think they will all have the same morality whatever their philosophy. This is not to broaden morality, but to narrow it. It is to narrow it to a stiff, separate, rigid, and irrational taboo, having no relation to the rest of life or to the very nature of existence. If their minds are free, their faith or doubt must affect their morality. Anyhow, this is what I suggested; and I should imagine it is self-evident enough. To this, however, the writer in the *Outline* has written a reply; and in the course of it has made a rather curious remark.

He says that character may be related to an ideal, but the ideal need not be related to a belief. The ideal, he says, may come from a personality; and he adds the familiar example of a mother and the rather singular example of a schoolmaster. And when I read those words, I suddenly realised something which is astonishingly simple, and yet had haunted me vaguely without ever appearing in all its solid simplicity. It is this. The old type of religion was founded on reason. This new type of religion is entirely founded on tradition. In this matter of morality, it is merely sentimental and

appeals entirely to a respect for persons. If I ask the question, "What is a good person and why?" this ethical evolutionist is content to answer, "My

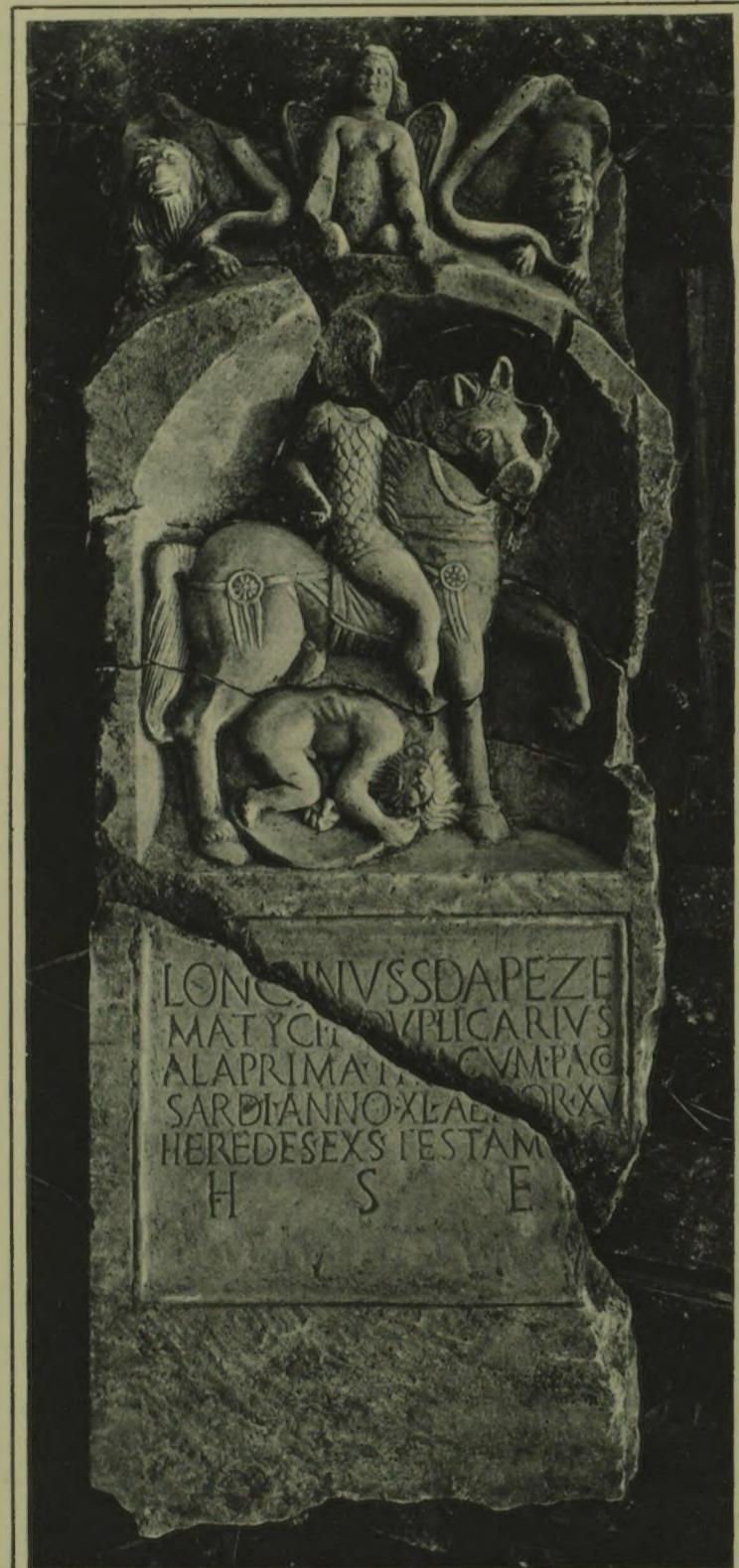
why. But those who merely take him as a model, without asking themselves why he should be a model, cannot themselves in turn become models of anything, and certainly not of moral philosophy. On this theory the human race is simply to go on, in the exact sense of the idiom, by virtue of Uncle William. But it must not have, as its benighted forefathers would have had, a conception of anything behind Uncle William. If Uncle William were a prophet sent by the Lord, or a poet inspired by the gods, or a saint recognised by the Church, there would at least be a reason for the tradition. As it is, there is nothing but the tradition. There is nothing but the authority of Uncle William; and it is an absolute. We are simply content to trace back our pedigree to Uncle William, like savages supposed to be descended from a Sacred Bear.

But it has one great weakness, even considered as a tradition; and that is that it is merely a taste. Most real traditions can be traced back to beliefs of some sort, even where the tradition has survived the belief; and we may well doubt if it will survive it very long. Islam is a tradition or a mass of traditions; but it began at least with men who believed that the Koran was written by Allah. Puritanism is now little more than a tradition; but Calvinism was once a creed. The French freethinker is already a tradition; the English Darwinian is already a tradition; New Theology and No Popery are each by this time a tradition. But Uncle William is a taste. Some would say he is an acquired taste. Some, speaking for themselves, would even say he is an unacquired taste. We cannot suddenly put up a personality pleasing to ourselves, without rhyme or reason, to be the standard of everybody else.

We cannot make a morality out of our own sentimental memories, and then expect other people to be bound by that alone. And if we cannot do that, our private morality will be no sort of warrant for social morality. We are, by hypothesis, seeking something that will be a bond of the human brotherhood, like the ancient bond of religion. Why should humanity agree with us in the matter of our mother or our schoolmaster or our Uncle William? Why should they assume these persons to be right, in the absence of any consideration of whether or why they were right, or of what they were right about?

When the critic in the *Outline* says that his ideal can be found in a personality like a mother and a schoolmaster, he really leaves the mother and the schoolmaster to run after the ideal and find it for themselves, when he is too lazy to look for it. He will take his conscience at second-hand, or at seventh-hand, just because he does obscurely realise that in order to have a conscience he would have to have a creed. He, much more than I, really goes by authority; the only difference is that my authority was originally reached by reason and his by a sort of irrational impression. But I have to thank him for this very enlightening revelation of a reality that I ought to have realised for myself. It is that, while these enquirers brag about novelty, their moral sense

is a heritage and nothing more; in the very Victorian phrase, the touch of a vanished hand—or, in other words, the dead hand.



THE TOMBSTONE OF A ROMAN N.C.O. FOUND THE OTHER DAY AT COLCHESTER: THE DEAD MAN RIDING OVER A NUDE AND UNARMED BARBARIAN.

The photograph here given is of a discovery made at Colchester on April 21. It shows the tombstone of a Roman non-commissioned officer of the First Ala of Thracians. The snakes hanging on to the lions' tails are a remarkable feature. Tombstones of this type are by no means unusual on the frontiers of the Roman provinces. When they are memorials of cavalrymen, the deceased is represented riding over a prostrate barbarian who is usually seen almost upon his back below the horse. In the present instance the barbarian is crouched on his shield on hands and knees and is nude and unarmed, an unusual thing. The inscription may be expanded, and translated thus: "Longinus, son of Sdapezematyus, a Duplicarius of the First Ala of Thracians, from the district of Sardica, in his fortieth year and fifteenth of service. The heirs of his will had (this monument) made. Here he lies." An article on the subject will be found on page 824.

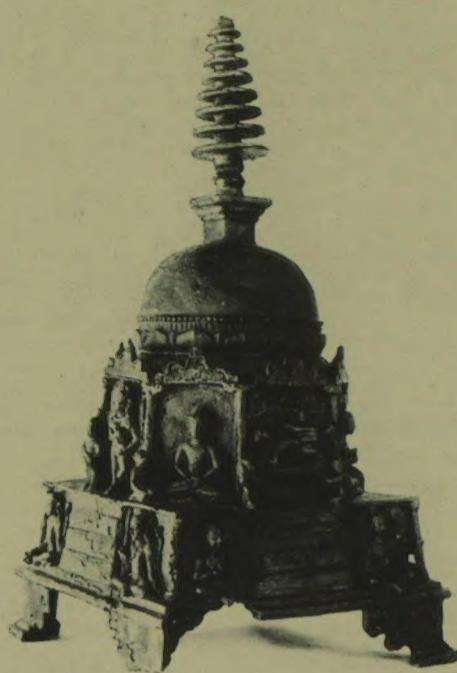
Uncle William was a good person and I don't know why." Very probably Uncle William really was a good person, and was good because he did know

THE STORIED PAST OF INDIA: V.—AN ANCIENT BUDDHIST UNIVERSITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY SIR JOHN MARSHALL, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN INDIA.



1. A GODDESS WITH EIGHTEEN ARMS! A BEAUTIFUL BRONZE FIGURE OF TARA, FROM NALANDA, WITH THE MULTIPLE LIMBS SKILFULLY USED AS A FRAME.



2. A VOTIVE STUPA IN BRONZE: ONE OF MANY INTERESTING OBJECTS, MAINLY OF THE EIGHTH OR NINTH CENTURY A.D., DISCOVERED IN MEDIEVAL MONASTERIES AT NALANDA.



3. A BODHISATTVA SEATED ON A LION THRONE: A FINE BRONZE FROM NALANDA, IN BIHAR, THE ORIGINAL HOME OF BUDDHISM, IN EASTERN INDIA.

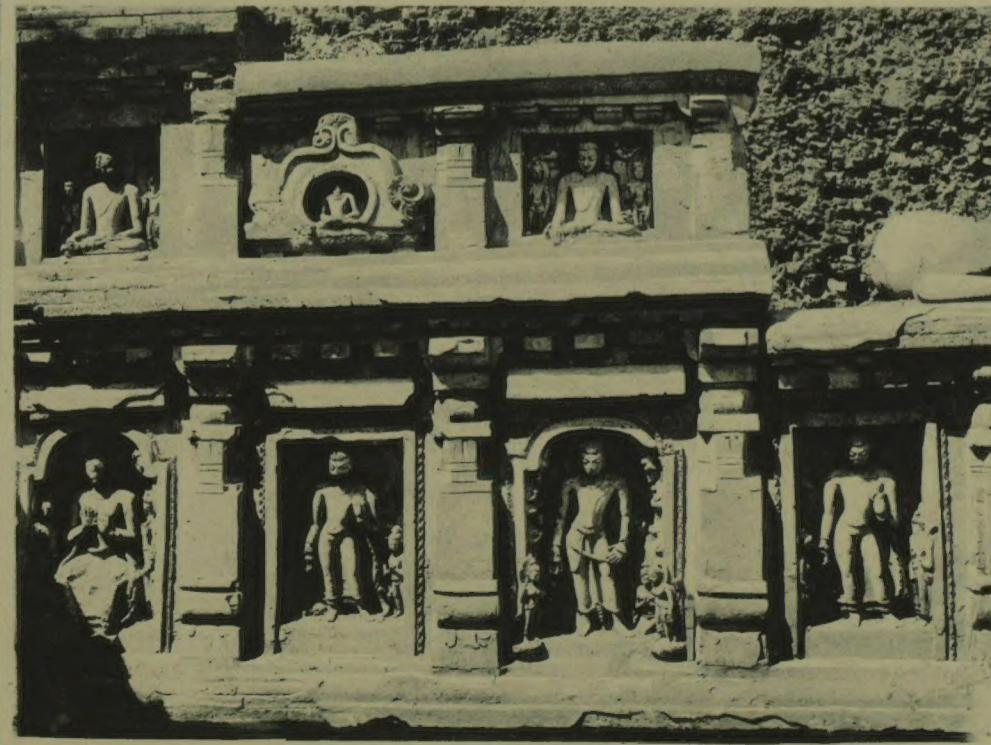


4. SOME OF THE MEDIEVAL MONASTERIES AT NALANDA AS SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE GREAT STUPA: BUILDINGS WHICH WERE DESCRIBED BY A CHINESE PILGRIM IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY A.D. AS BEING THEN FOUR STOREYS HIGH.



5. AN ENORMOUS WORK OF EXCAVATION THAT INVOLVED THE REMOVAL OF 150,000 CUBIC FEET OF BRICKWORK: THE GREAT BUDDHIST STUPA AT NALANDA, FAMOUS IN THE MIDDLE AGES AS INDIA'S LARGEST UNIVERSITY.

The remarkable discoveries recently made by Mr. J. A. Page, at Nalanda, in Bihar, the original home of Buddhism, were described by Sir John Marshall in our issue of April 21. Besides the great stupa there was also found a series of eight monasteries containing many minor antiquities, including some very fine copper or bronze images dating from the eighth or ninth centuries A.D. Several figures of Hindu deities among them indicate how Brahmanism was then encroaching on Buddhism. The full titles of some of the above photographs give further details and explanations. Thus, No. 1 shows "one of the many beautiful bronze images unearthed at Nalanda. The figure is that of the eighteen-armed goddess Tara. Notice the skill with which the artist has treated the multiplicity of arms, making a frame of them, as it were, for the body of the goddess and thus avoiding grotesqueness." (4) "According to Hiuen Thsang, the Chinese pilgrim who visited India in the seventh century [Continued opposite.]



6. REMARKABLE PLASTER RELIEFS ON THE GREAT STUPA AT NALANDA, ADJOINING THE SIDE OF THE GRAND STAIRWAY OF THE FIFTH RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BUILDING: EMPALEED FIGURES OF THE BUDDHA AND BODHISATTVAS, WALLED UP SOON AFTER THEY WERE MADE.

A.D., some of these monasteries were four storeys high. Though the upper storeys have fallen, his statement is corroborated by the solidity of the brickwork of the ground floor." (5) "The great Buddhist Stupa at Nalanda, famous in the Middle Ages for its University. This vast structure—the biggest of its kind in India—was enlarged six times by the addition of successive envelopes. The two corner towers seen in the photograph belong to the fifth rebuilding, and have been exposed to view by cutting away the later brickwork which completely enveloped them. The work involved the removal of more than 150,000 cubic feet of solid brick-work." (6) "Some of the empanelled figures of the Buddha and Bodhisattvas which adorn the side of the grand stairway of the fifth reconstruction. The reliefs are in plaster, and it is due to the fact that they were walled up soon after they were made that they have been found in such a remarkable state of preservation."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHILE it is still true, that "the Englishman's home is his castle," the converse of that proposition is not invariably demonstrable. In these days of ravening budgeteers, of dwindling incomes, and soaring death duties, the Englishman's castle is not always his home. I do not myself own a castle, but, if I did, I feel sure I should let it to a millionaire, or convert it into a museum or a public school, or hand it over to the National Trust to be scheduled as an ancient monument. I should draw the line, I think, at allowing it to be transplanted to America. For, whatever be the fate of those ancestral halls celebrated by Felicia Hemans in a laudable but slightly hackneyed poem (which, with stern self-restraint, I refrain from quoting), they do still conduce to the beauty and dignity of our countryside.

Furthermore, these great mansions are pages of history writ in stone, as well as treasure-houses of delight to the student of architecture. Both sources of interest are thoroughly explored in a work which is at once entralling and, like its subject—

Calmly majestically monumental.

I refer to a truly "sumptuous" tome entitled "ENGLISH HOMES." PERIOD IV. Vol. II. The Work of Sir John Vanbrugh and His School, 1699-1736. By H. Avray Tipping, M.A., F.S.A., and Christopher Hussey. (London: *Country Life*; New York: Scribner; £3 3s.) Physically speaking, one cannot deny the epithet "ponderous" to this magnificent volume concerned mainly with the architect of whom Pope wrote—

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

There is nothing heavy about the book, however, in the metaphorical sense. Of its kind, it may certainly be classed as "light reading," for the historical and descriptive essays are written in a lively vein, with many a personal and humorous touch or genial quotation, while the splendid series of full-page and other photographs, which fill the greater part of 320 pages, afford infinite pleasure to the eye, and form in themselves a valuable pictorial record of a great architectural period.

The volume opens with an introductory chapter on the careers and characters of Vanbrugh and his "co-advisor," Nicholas Hawksmoor, their relations with Wren and other architects, their association with the famous Kit-Cat Club, and their work at Oxford and Greenwich Hospital. The remaining nineteen chapters deal successively and in detail with that number of great houses, including Castle Howard, Blenheim Palace, Stowe House (now a public school), Vanbrugh Castle (now a school for the sons of deceased airmen), and Seaton Delaval, which is termed Vanbrugh's masterpiece.

The authors admit that some of these English "homes" were far from homely. "As settings for staging a pageant of sumptuous life, as developed by the English imitators of the Court of Versailles, Castle Howard and Blenheim are most apt. As habitations for domestically inclined private people they are quite inappropriate. . . . Blenheim was . . . to mark for all time in most imposing manner the achievements of a man who had reached the pinnacle of European celebrity. . . . No doubt the poor man and his family would have to live there, but he must suffer the penalties of his position, and comfort must give way to splendour."

Vanbrugh was famous as a dramatist before he took to architecture. His first comedy, "The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger," was produced at Drury Lane on Boxing Day, 1696. With a Covent Garden season now in full swing, it is interesting to recall that he was also a pioneer of opera. He built a fine theatre on the site of the present Haymarket, and opened it in 1705 with the second opera ever produced in England—"The Loves of Ergasto," and opera was given there throughout the eighteenth century. "Something of the grandeur of opera permeates all his architectural work." "With Vanbrugh (we read) drama and architecture, fully fledged after a period of incubation that we know nothing of, burst from their shells simultaneously." As an architect, he might be called an inspired amateur, and his exuberance fluttered the Palladian dovecotes of his day.

Vanbrugh and his contemporaries are duly allotted their several niches in the general pantheon of "the mistress art" by the author of "A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE": On the Comparative Method. For Students, Craftsmen and Amateurs. By Sir Banister Fletcher, Architect, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., etc. Author of "Andrea Palladio," "The English Home," and other Works. 8th Edition, revised and enlarged. With about 3500 Illustrations (Batsford; £2 2s.). This compact and comprehensive

volume, which ranges in its scope from the prehistoric hut to the modern American skyscraper, is an ideal survey of a vast subject and has long been recognised as a standard work. The amount of knowledge here epitomised, based on wide travel and personal observation, and the skill with which the writer preserves the thread of human interest through such an interminable maze of facts, are positively miraculous.

Time was when the various arts and sciences were not so specialised as they are to-day. Even in the eighteenth century, as we have seen, a man could be both architect and playwright. The story of Vanbrugh's artistic dualism set me thinking of other "multiple" minds, and my thoughts turned to the greatest exemplar of versatility in all the ages, a man who bestrode the intellectual and aesthetic world of his day like a Colossus. The latest and—in my opinion—the best book about him is "THE MIND OF LEONARDO DA VINCI." By Edward McCurdy, Editor of *The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci*. Illustrated. (Cape;

book will consider his loyalty misplaced. Painter, draughtsman, sculptor, architect, civil and military engineer, inventor, naturalist, anatomist, and philosopher—Leonardo was not only a supreme artist, but a great mediæval precursor of modern science.

Mr. McCurdy divides his book into three parts: the first dealing with Leonardo's career; the second with the manuscripts, [belief, travels, and experiments in aviation; the third with the painting and sculpture. An interesting feature is a reasoned argument for adding several more pictures and some statuettes to the canon of Leonardo's acknowledged works. Of his architecture, the only surviving example seems to be a spiral staircase in the Castle of Blois, designed when he was in the service of Francis I. of France. Most interesting of all, on the mechanical side, are his anticipations of tanks, submarines, poison-gas, and aeroplanes, and Mr. McCurdy shows that he not only designed flying machines, but personally tested them in flight, not apparently with much success, but anyhow without a serious

"crash." I should not be surprised to learn that he had also foretold telephones, gramophones, wireless sets, photographs and films.

Thus I arrive at a book which would certainly have aroused his keenest interest, could he have seen it—namely, "AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY." A Comprehensive Survey of Its Practice and Development. By Clarence Winchester and F. L. Wills, F.R.P.S. With a Foreword by Sir Alan Cobham, and Introductory Notes by Sir Peter Clutterbuck and Sir Felix J. C. Pole. Abundantly illustrated (Chapman and Hall; 25s.). As Sir Alan Cobham points out, "Already parts of the earth have been mapped by air survey when they could never have been mapped from the ground," and this method will enormously hasten the opening-up of new territories. Though largely concerned with technicalities, this excellent book contains a great deal which will appeal to the general reader, and it will be especially valuable to discerning industrialists and Colonial administrators.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact in air photography has been its unexpected alliance with archaeology. It was in Iraq, towards the end of the war, that air photography was first definitely applied to archaeological sites. Then, in 1922, certain vertical photographs taken in Hampshire revealed the existence of hitherto unsuspected prehistoric remains, through marks on the prints indicating differences of vegetation due to ancient ruins or earthworks below the surface of the soil. The method has since been widely applied, and among other things has discovered a missing avenue at Stonehenge.

On the eve of a new "Academy," art is, so to speak, in season, and I commend to its devotees a new volume (No. II.) in the series of Famous Water-Colour Painters, "W. RUSSELL FLINT, A.R.A." With Introduction by G. S. Sandilands. Royal quarto ("The Studio"; 5s.), containing eight beautiful colour reproductions. Modern art criticism, candid and uncompromising, is applied to a Victorian painter and poet in "ROSSETTI." His Life and Works. By Evelyn Waugh. Illustrated (Duckworth; 12s. 6d.). Sculpture, old and new, is represented in "LONDON'S OPEN-AIR STATUARY." By Lord Edward Gleichen (Major-General). With forty-five illustrations (Longmans; 2s.). The attraction of the subject for a military writer, known by several campaigning books, is indicated by his dedication to "the memory of my sister Feo." The late Lady Feodora Gleichen was famous as a

sculptor, and her "Diana Fountain" in Rotten Row forms the frontispiece. London's statues have been much maligned, and the choice of them "for encomium, as a change," should please every patriotic Cockney. I should welcome a companion work on London statuary in shop windows!

Several "old masters," including Reynolds, Lawrence, and Turner, figure among bygone Londoners, of all sorts and conditions, in a gossipy chronicle entitled "ROMANTIC LONDON." By Ralph Nevill, author of "Night Life." Illustrated (Cassell; 12s. 6d.). The author deplores the fact that the lodge porter at Burlington House has lately been shorn of his brass buttons and top hat. Of the Royal Academy he says: "People now no longer rush to see the picture of the year, as was once the case, notably in 1858, when the receipts amounted to . . . more than £9000, taken in shillings at the door, a result mostly due to the attractions of Mr. Frith's 'Derby Day.'

Synchronous with the opening of the Academy is the beginning of the Open Golf Championship at Sandwich—an event which lends topicality to "GREEN MEMORIES." By Bernard Darwin. Illustrated (Hodder and Stoughton; 18s.). This book, if I mistake not, will join the classics of "the royal and ancient game" on the shelves of both British and American golfers.

C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archaeological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archaeologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

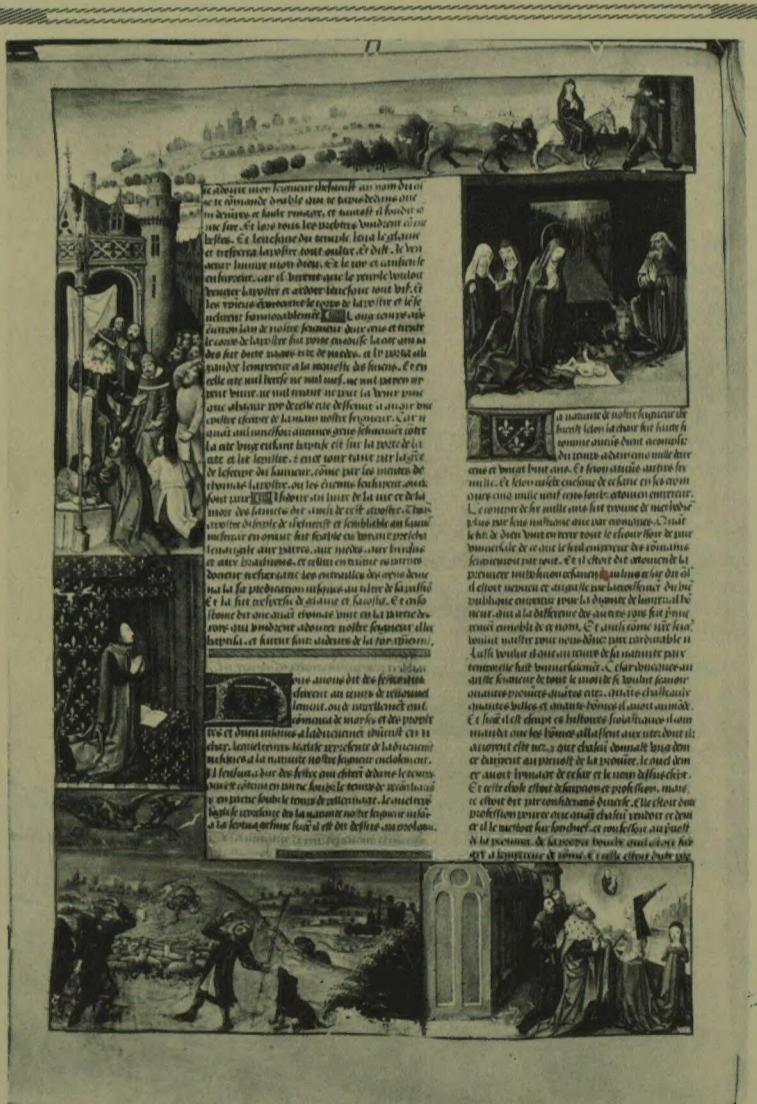
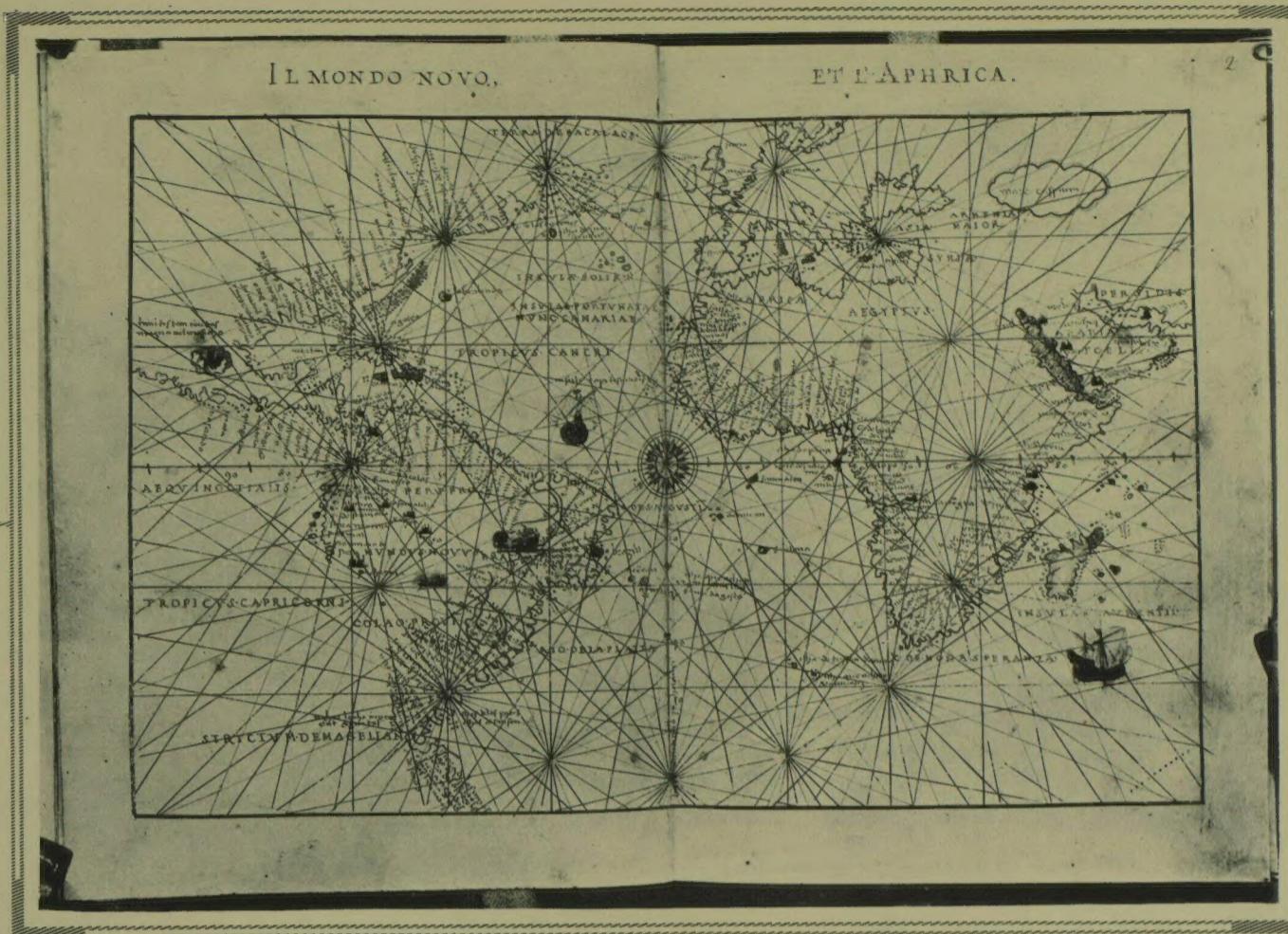
12s. 6d.). I express that opinion with honest conviction, and not merely because memory takes me back to a certain day in 1896, when a young man from Balliol and a young Johnian from Cambridge first met in the philanthropic precincts of Toynbee Hall, under the wing of "the Prophet" of blessed memory. (As I write, by the way, I remember also that Canon Barnett administered some salutary criticism on one of my earliest journalistic efforts, tempered by a kind word from Mrs. Barnett.)

To return to Leonardo—my conviction as to the merits of Edward McCurdy's book is based, not only on its obvious qualities of exquisite writing and scholarship—so refreshing in these days of slipshod English and superficial comment—but on my personal knowledge that he has devoted to the subject years of study and research and is intimately acquainted with Italy and Italian art. He is a hero-worshipper, and Leonardo is his hero, on whose altar he has already offered several literary "sacrifices." I have sometimes tried, indeed, to switch him off on to other lines of authorship, but—apart from a few slim volumes of verse and prose (such as "Essays in Fresco," or "Roses of Paestum"), he has refused to budge from his main predilection. For him, Leonardo is "numbered with the kings of thought," a monarch "big" enough to claim the service of a lifetime, and few readers of the new

THE EXHIBITION
OF PRICELESS
TREASURES:
RARE MANUSCRIPTS
AND A MAP
SHOWN BY THE
BRITISH ANTIQUE
DEALERS AT THE
GRAFTON GALLERIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE
BRITISH ANTIQUE DEALERS'
ASSOCIATION.

1. A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY
MAP OF THE NEW WORLD
AND "APHERICA": A PAGE
FROM A MANUSCRIPT ATLAS
OR "PORTOLAN" (WITH
TWENTY - THREE MAPS IN
COLOUR) MADE IN 1559 BY
BAPTISTA AGNESE (1527-64),
A CELEBRATED ITALIAN
CARTOGRAPHER, REVEALING
GREAT KNOWLEDGE OF
SOUTH AMERICA AS
COMPARED WITH NORTH
AMERICA. (EXHIBITED BY
BERNARD QUARITCH, LTD.)



2. A 15TH-CENTURY FRENCH MS. OF "THE GOLDEN LEGEND": A PAGE FROM "LA LÉGENDE DORÉE," TRANSLATED BY JEAN DE VIGNY FROM THE 13TH-CENTURY LATIN OF VORAGINE. (EXHIBITED BY BERNARD QUARITCH.)



3. THE MONEYPPENNY BREVIARY: ONE OF THE 822 PAGES IN A LAVISHLY ILLUMINATED FRENCH MANUSCRIPT WRITTEN FOR WILLIAM MONEYPPENNY, ABBOT OF SAINT-SATUR IN BERRY, 1489-1520. (EXHIBITED BY THE SPANISH ART GALLERY.)

Some rare and beautiful old illuminated manuscripts are included in the Exhibition of Art Treasures now being held in the Grafton Galleries, from April 30 to May 26, under the auspices of the British Antique Dealers' Association. The surplus proceeds are to be equally divided between the Association's Benevolent Fund and the National Art Collections Fund. In some notes supplied regarding the above illustrations we read: (1) "These old 'portolans' (manuscript atlases) served the same purpose as nautical charts do now; by means of them navigators knew in what direction to steer their course. But they did not exist for use on the sea only, for fine copies, such as the present, were specially executed for rich merchants or princes." (2) "The French translation of 'The Golden Legend' (containing two full-page paintings and 217 miniatures illustrating the lives or martyrdoms of the Saints) was written on vellum for Louis, the illegitimate son of Charles I., Duc de Bourbon. In the *Legenda Aurea*—the name given to it

by its author, Jacobus de Voragine, in the thirteenth century, when he wrote it in Latin—the lives of the Saints are arranged chronologically by the dates of their feast days. A large number of the lections in the Roman Catholic Breviary have been furnished from it. The (French) manuscript was written at Montpensier, and, so the scribe tells us, completed on 6 Sept. 1480." (3) "The Moneypenny Breviary was written and illuminated at Bourges in Berry, between 1489-1520, for William Moneypenny, Abbot of St. Satur in Berry. He was the younger son of Sir William Moneypenny, of Ardweny in Scotland, who was Ambassador in France about 1445-60. It is very rare to find a Breviary on which such a wealth of artistic decoration has been lavished, for these books were generally prepared for use in church." Probably a gift for a relative, it contains fifty magnificent full-page illuminations in gold and colours, with family portraits. It is one of the finest extant and enormously valuable."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"THUNDER IN THE AIR"—RUSSIAN ACTING VERSUS ENGLISH.—GUESTS FROM VIENNA.

THE work of Mr. Robins Millar, a newcomer to the stage, "Thunder in the Air" is probably the most widely discussed play in London at the moment. It is a fine effort. The author has the power of creating atmosphere; he has imagination and the eye to see beyond the veil that hangs so torturingly between the spiritual and the affairs of every-day,

outweigh its shortcomings. The play so grips the audience's attention that the average playgoer has no time to analyse that which is producing his experience.

The great difference between our actors and the Moscow players lies in gesticulation. And the more I see of them, the more I recognise that in this respect we may learn a good deal. It is no use saying, after seeing the Russians, "You should adopt their system of gesture wholesale": it would be ridiculous and merely lead to extravagance. You cannot reform racial idiosyncrasies by mere imitation and drill. But what our actors could learn and adopt is how to emphasise a word by a gesture. Long before one spoke of Moscow Art Theatres, a little play came from Paris which, on the Continent, became the touchstone of dramatic efficiency. It was called "Come Here!" and it encompassed in few words how these two words should be uttered—by adumbration, by gesture, in all phases of human emotions, love, hate, command, supplication, or pity. When it was played by a series of young aspirants the effect was truly marvellous in what it showed and showed up. It made the scholars and it marred them—either vocally or in poverty of gesticulation. Gesture as part of acting is, if not the twin, the next-of-kin to diction. It should become a special class in our academies, a



THE DEAD SOLDIER RETURNS TO HIS MOTHER IN THE GUISE OF AN INNOCENT CHILD: RONNIE (LEONARD HAYES) AND MRS. VEXTED (VIOLET VANBRUCH) IN "THUNDER IN THE AIR."

"Thunder in the Air," at the Duke of York's, is a play which offers a solution to the problem of the after-life. The spirit of Ronnie, the young soldier killed in France, is called up by those who loved him, and to each he appears as he is remembered best. Thus to his mother he is an innocent child, and to his fiancée an athletic youth.

and his handling of the love-scene between the girl and her ghost-lover is little short of idyllic. What he lacks at present is technical dexterity, and consequently his play, like so many previous attempts to unify a transcendental idea in stage form, drifts perilously near the rocks of disaster.

This is more particularly the case in one of the chief characterisations. To people who are easily beguiled by the influence of the theatre the inconsistency in the character of the father is not, perhaps, at once apparent; but to those who can discriminate, and who are not wholly unfamiliar with spiritualistic conceptions, it seems inconceivable that this matter-of-fact man, who derided everything spiritual, who had not—as he himself declared—an atom of love left for his son, should suddenly behold him in hallowed vision. And, even if the vision be accepted, how can the author defend the fact that the father sees him as a coward and a suicide? Does he not kneel to him apologetically and show himself overcome by an emotion which would have been unnatural in an old soldier learning of a cowardly instead of a heroic death? Another disconcerting matter was the needless introduction of a sphinx-like head on the wall which, at certain moments, stared at the people in the play with ominously illuminated eyes—an unthinkable intrusion in a truly spiritual atmosphere, and a strange pawn taken from the crook-plays which are the order of the day.

I am not belittling the author's attempt. He is still a novice, and as such we expect great things of him. He soars above the common rut; there are feathers of inspiration in his wings, unfledged as yet. But the producer—he who should have the whole picture of the play in his mind's eye—should have told him where the ethereal ended and the theatrical began. For it is this taint of theatricality which imperils the loftiness of the theme. I have said again and again that, where momentous plays such as this are concerned, after long rehearsal author, actors, and producer become so inured to their material that their outlook is blurred. On such occasions it would be very expedient if an understanding outsider were called in to give an unbiased opinion—who would see straight and point out immediately where a play deflects from its inherently inevitable course. Fortunately, the qualities of "Thunder in the Air"

players have gone to see these team-workers? When I look around at the Garrick I see a few—those who are always *en vedette* when there is a new manifestation of histrionic art—I could count them on my fingers. Why? I can only explain it by a little conversation overheard at a recent first-night. A literary man said to a well-known actress: "I would like to take you to a matinée." "I should love to come," said she. "Well, where shall we go—to a revue or to the Russian players?" (And he extolled their merits.) "The revue," she said, "for I should not understand the Russians and I should be bored." And that is not only the attitude of actors, but of the public in general. Our public wants to be amused in the theatre; except for the few, it is afraid to be instructed and to think. Sad, but true.

The Burg Theatre of Vienna is one of the famous companies in Europe. Except the Comédie Française, it is the only theatre that has upheld a tradition of centuries. To be a member of the Burg is a universal hall-mark on the Continent; to have a play performed there is the aspiration of every Continental dramatist. At the Burg Shakespeare is a cult, and the performances I have seen there could vie with those at the Lyceum in Irving's palmiest days. Latterly the Bard shares honour with Bernard Shaw and Barrie, both cherished authors of the Viennese. Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" found its ideal exponent in Herr Raoul Aslan, the leading "heroic" of the present company, which, despite the sad reduction of the territory of Austria and the plight of its finances, has held its own. Poor and small as the Austrian Republic is, it has managed, through storm and stress and penury, to maintain the Burg as a State-endowed theatre and an *ensemble* of the highest standard.

Herr Aslan has lately been in London, and sounded the possibilities of a visit of the Burg Theatre within the next twelve months. He has conferred with the Austrian Minister, with the literary world, with managers; and wherever he went he found cordial support for the idea. A committee will forthwith be formed both in London and in Vienna to obtain the necessary guarantee—a sum of £1500—for which an appeal will be made to the bankers and Mæcenases of both cities. Herr Aslan, in order to make the scheme one of artistic fraternisation, intends to give an opportunity to English actors, some of whom master the German language as their own, to appear in such parts as are particularly suited to them. Meanwhile, active negotiations are in progress; a special emissary will be invited by the Austrian State to see some of the Shakespeare and Shaw performances, and to earmark those which he considers of special excellence.



THE SOLDIER-SUICIDE OF "THUNDER IN THE AIR": THE SPIRIT OF RONNIE (ROBERT HASLAM) REVEALS THE TRUTH TO MAJOR VEXTED (J. FISHER WHITE). When Ronnie—the dead soldier of "Thunder in the Air"—appears to his father, Major Vexted, he comes in uniform, and his spirit reveals the truth of his death. He was not a war hero, but a suicide, as he shot himself with his own service rifle.

special aim of the producer; rightly applied, it doubles the force of the spoken word.

There is another thing which we may study with profit at these Russian performances—the eloquence of silence. This struck me in particular in the Court scene in the "Brothers Karamazoff" and in the second act of "The Lower Depths," when the little man who ladies out the milk of human kindness preached his gospel of humility, endurance, and understanding. He spellbound his fellow-players. And what did I read in every face? Not only the keenest attention, the temporary exaltation as if they heard a voice from the minaret, but the difference in their countenances—something infinitely varied, something indefinable, yet strangely moving. There was no need for them to speak, although some indulged in exclamations: their eyes, their mouths, their seemingly spontaneous quivering of limbs or change of position or craning of necks, indicated the vibration of their inner beings.

I have also seen the self-same scene by English players—but, oh, the difference! Not one of them seemed to feel the galvanising touch, not one revealed the soul in the countenance. They were good listeners, but listless ones. They had nothing to say, and because there were no words for them to utter they were content to stand by like so many statues—cold, unswayed by emotion. Yet how many of our own



THE CLEAN YOUNG ATHLETE, THE SOLDIER SUICIDE, AND THE RECKLESS YOUNG OFFICER: MR. ROBERT HASLAM AS THE THREE MATERIALISATIONS OF THE DEAD SOLDIER, RONNIE VEXTED, IN "THUNDER IN THE AIR."

Ronnie Vexted, the dead soldier of "Thunder in the Air," was in his lifetime a blackguard, but he was loved, and his friends call up his spirit. He materialises to each in a different form.

STONES OF EGYPT BY A MODERN PAINTER:
WALCOT "IMPRESSIONS" OF PHARAONIC ANTIQUITIES.



"THE TEMPLE OF HORUS AT EDFOU—INNER COURT": A 2000-YEAR-OLD BUILDING IN PERFECT PRESERVATION.

"THE TEMPLE OF RAMSES III AT MEDINET HABU—FIRST COURTYARD: ONE OF THE THEBAN GROUP OF TEMPLES."



"THE TEMPLE OF HORUS AT EDFOU—INNER COURT": AN ANGLE OF THE COLONNADE IN THE BUILDING BEGUN IN 237 B.C. BY PTOLEMY III, AND ENLARGED BY LATER KINGS OF EGYPT.



"THE TEMPLE OF HORUS AT EDFOU": PART OF THE BUILDING TO WHICH THE COLONNADED COURT AND PYLON WERE ADDED BY PTOLEMY X. AND THREE SUBSEQUENT EGYPTIAN KINGS.



"THE COLOSSI OF MEMNON AT THEBES": THE TWO GIGANTIC STATUES OF AMENOPHIS III. (REGARDED IN ROMAN IMPERIAL TIMES AS REPRESENTING MEMNON, A TROJAN HERO), ONE OF WHICH EMITTED A MYSTERIOUS MUSICAL SOUND THAT GAVE RISE TO MANY LEGENDS.



"THE HYPOSTYLE HALL, KARNAK": ONE OF THE CHIEF WONDERS OF EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE, "SPACIOUS ENOUGH TO ACCOMMODATE THE ENTIRE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME."

To-day (May 5) is the closing date of an art exhibition of remarkable interest, entitled "Impressions of Egypt," Pictures and Etchings by William Walcot, F.R.I.B.A., R.E., in the Fine Art Society's galleries at 148, New Bond Street. Mr. Walcot, as our readers know from many previous reproductions of his work in our pages, is an artist who has specialised in the architecture and monuments of antiquity. His beautiful picture of the Acropolis at Athens after the Roman restoration, for example, was given as a double-page in colour in our issue of March 7, 1925. In most of his former paintings and etchings he has represented great buildings of the past as they were in the heyday of their splendour, with

contemporary life moving about them. In these "impressions" of Egypt, he shows the temples and statues as they are to-day, bearing the marks of time and defacement. The Temple of Horus at Edfou, on the Nile, sixty-five miles above Luxor, begun in 237 B.C. by Ptolemy III., is still in a state of wonderful preservation. The Temple of Rameses at Medinet Habu, about half a mile from the famous Colossi of Memnon, forms the southernmost group of buildings in the ancient necropolis at Thebes. The great Hypostyle Hall (restored a few years ago) in the Temple of Amun at Karnak is one of the wonders of the world and the chief glories of Egyptian architecture. It has an area of 6000 square yards.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

HOW WHALES SLEEP AND FEED.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

THE other day I was asked whether a whale could ever sleep. It seemed, said my questioner, that if a lung-breather, as I assured him it was, sleep would be impossible, since the moment the sleeper passed into the land of dreams it would inevitably drown!

The assumption was, of course, that the poor creature could sleep only while at rest on the sea floor, when respiration could not long be suspended. Some fishes, we know, like the wrasse, sleep after this fashion, and during this time they lie flat upon one side. I have never seen one thus slumbering, and I am a little anxious to know how breathing is then carried on. It may be that, as during its waking moments, the mouth automatically opens and closes, so as to cause a continuous stream of fresh water over the gills.

To enable feeding to take place under water, the windpipe has to be shut off from the mouth, and to effect this the tubular posterior nostrils have had to be carried back to the hinder end of the skull, as in the crocodiles (see Fig. 2). The triangular gap between the two pterygoids is closed by membrane in the living animal, this lengthening the tube.

There is no reason why this should not be the case, since in ourselves the rhythmical movements of the ribs, which bring about the alternate expansion and contraction of the chest, and the consequent inspiration and expiration of air which constitutes breathing, go on just as efficiently while we sleep as when we are awake.

To return, then, to whales. While we know, from what whalers have told us, that whales can remain wholly submerged for surprisingly long periods, these are too short for restful sleep. Though we have no positive evidence that they cannot at any rate "doze" for twenty minutes or so under water, we know that they can and do sleep, and very soundly, at the surface; for as to this we have the testimony of whalers, who often contrive to creep up unawares and harpoon the poor beasts while in such dreamless slumber. They seem to remain thus unconscious to all around them for considerable periods. And this is made possible by the fact that the nostrils are placed on the top of the head, above the eyes; a large area of the back being also at the same time high out of the water.

This position of the nostrils is sufficiently remarkable to call for some comment. Among the land-mammals the nostrils are placed at the end of

the snout. This is true even of the elephant's trunk, which is but a long-drawn-out snout, though in some mammals, like the hippopotamus, they open upwards instead of forwards. But here also we have an adaptation to an aquatic life. The nostrils, eyes, and ears are all set at one common level, the extreme upper surface of the head, so that the creature can lie submerged with nothing more than these all-important organs exposed. In the sperm-whale alone among the Cetacea do they open at the end of the snout; but here again they are placed so as to open upwards, and they are continued backwards in the form of a long tube to the roof of the skull, where they dip down, as in all other whales, to meet the top of the wind-pipe at the back of the throat.

The singular position of the nostrils of the whales is accompanied by an even more remarkable modification, whereby alone these animals are enabled to feed without being choked by an inrush of water into the windpipe while the creature is feeding. Stand before a mirror and open the mouth wide, and you will see at the back of the tongue a large aperture before which hangs a slender fleshy column—the "uvula." This aperture is the entrance to the windpipe. Below it, and invisible, is the entrance to the gullet for the passage of food. Obviously a mouth constructed after this fashion would be impossible in the case of the whale.

In the accompanying photograph (Fig. 3)—and I doubt whether any like it has ever been taken before—is seen the open mouth of the Lesser Rorqual. It will be seen at once that it forms a closed cavity when the mouth is shut. In the hinder wall of this cavity a semicircular piece of cardboard has been placed. This marks the size and form of the entrance to the gullet, and shows at once how small is the gullet of the whale in proportion to the size of the mouth. During life this entrance is tightly closed on a principle such as is used to close the mouth of a bag by means of a circular string. A pull with the fingers on opposite sides of the string immediately closes the bag. In the whale tribe this aperture responds at once to the touch of food, opening no wider than sufficient to pass the solid matter "knocking for admission," so that this can be swallowed without admitting a drop of water. On each side of the gullet and behind the back wall of the mouth is a large cavity underlying the internal ear. They feed the "Eustachian apertures," which, as in ourselves, serve to admit air to the inner surface of the drum of the ear. But for this air, hearing would be impossible, for the air-pressure is thereby kept equal on the two sides of the drum-head, thus keeping it taut. I am just now busy dissecting these ear-chambers in this whale, and may have something to say about them on another occasion.

And now I must return to the windpipe. The larynx, or upper end of this in the whale tribe, has a

very singular form, being drawn out into a long tube terminating in a pair of tumid lips. It looks, indeed, rather like a very long beak of a pipe-fish, and it is thrust up into a long, tubular, bony passage in the skull, terminating in the spiracles, or nostrils, on the top of the head already referred to. This passage passes immediately behind the membranous wall forming the back of the mouth. To this end the skull itself has undergone profound modification, so that the palatine and pterygoid bones, which enclose the posterior nostrils, have been carried back to the extreme hinder end of the skull, much further back than in any other mammal (Fig. 1).

Now it is interesting to remark that a precisely similar feature is found in the skull of the crocodiles,

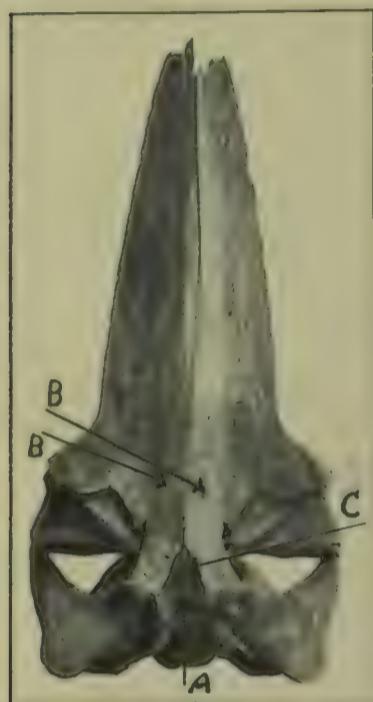


FIG. 1. HOW A WHALE'S WINDPIPE IS SHUT OFF FROM THE MOUTH TO ENABLE IT TO FEED UNDER WATER: THE UNDER-SURFACE OF A PIKE-WHALE'S SKULL, SHOWING THE POSTERIOR NOSTRILS (A) CARRIED BACK, AS IN CROCODILES, AND THE GAP BETWEEN THE PTERYGEOIDS (B) CLOSED BY MEMBRANE (C).

To enable feeding to take place under water, the windpipe has to be shut off from the mouth, and to effect this the tubular posterior nostrils have had to be carried back to the hinder end of the skull, as in the crocodiles (see Fig. 2). The triangular gap between the two pterygoids is closed by membrane in the living animal, this lengthening the tube.



FIG. 3. THE WHALE'S SMALL SWALLOWING CAPACITY: A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOUTH, SHOWING THE LITTLE ENTRANCE TO THE GULLET (A), THE TONGUE (B), AND BALEEN FRINGE (C) ON ROOF OF MOUTH.

The mouth of the whale, in the case of the pike-whale, forms a closed cavity, but the hinder wall gives entrance to the gullet, seen here as an oblong patch of white; and it shows how small is the "swallow" of a whale. Except when it opens to receive food, this aperture can be closed so as to be absolutely water-tight. The tongue is of great size, being formed of a mass of elastic tissue.

Portions of the baleen fringe are seen above, hanging from the roof of the mouth.

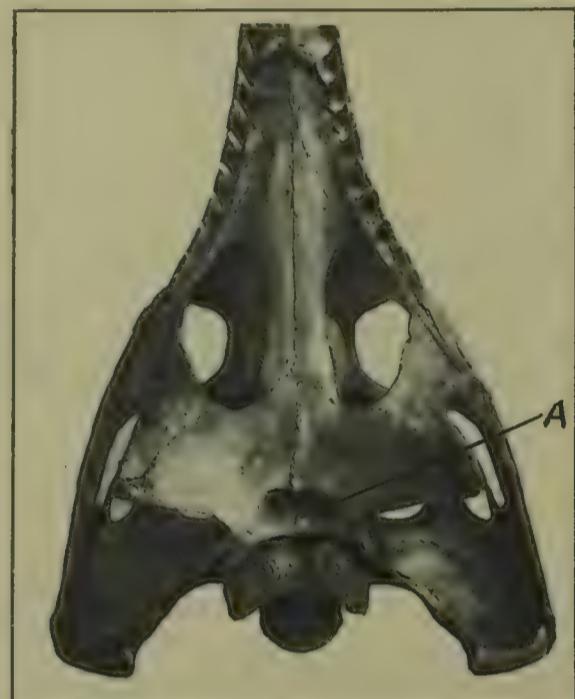


FIG. 2. THE SKULL OF A GANGES CROCODILE (OR GAVIAL) WITH SIMILAR FEATURES TO THOSE OF THE WHALE (SEEN IN FIG. 2) FOR ENABLING IT TO FEED UNDER WATER: A VIEW SHOWING THE POSTERIOR NOSTRILS (A). In the skull of the crocodiles, the tubular opening of the hinder nostril leading to the windpipe is well shown. In the fossil crocodile Belodon it opened in the middle line of the palate between the teeth.

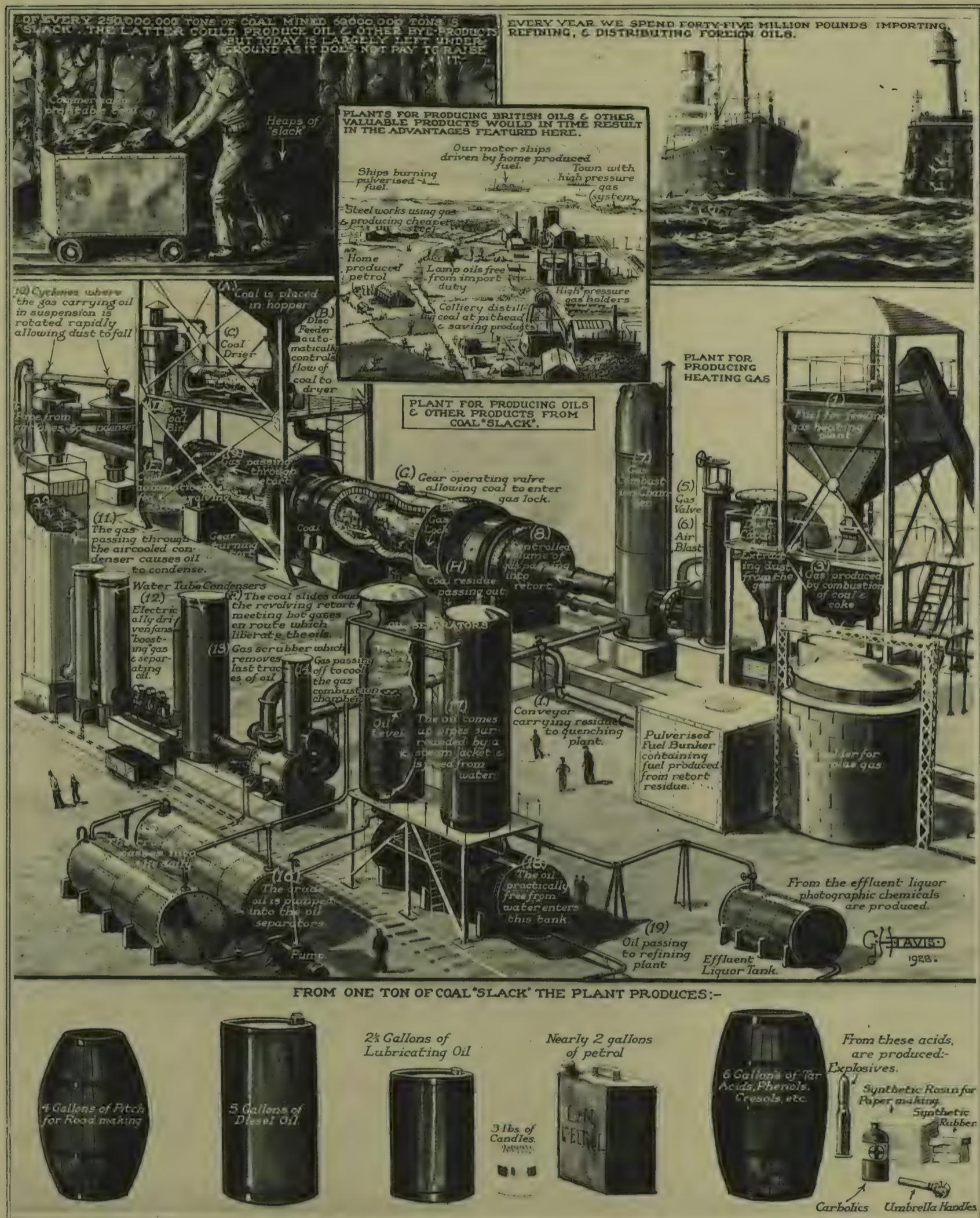
as may be seen in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 2). These creatures, in like manner, when feeding have to open the mouth while submerged, so that

here also the windpipe has to be shut off from the mouth cavity. But as the crocodile does not have to descend to great depths, and as the mouth is only occasionally under water, a simpler method of keeping water from entering the windpipe suffices. And this is attained by a fleshy fold, or curtain, which drops down from the back of the mouth on to the tongue; so that the result is the same when the mouth is under water in both whale and crocodile—the mouth, for the time, is a closed cavity.

But while, in the attainment of this end, in the whale the nostrils have shifted from the end of the snout to the middle of the head, in the crocodile the nostrils have shifted from the centre of the head to the tip of the snout. This much we know from the evidence afforded by the skull of the ancient and long since extinct crocodile "Belodon," wherein the nostrils passed from the middle of the snout straight down to the middle of the roof of the mouth. But, as with the whales, during the evolution of the crocodiles the palatal opening was carried further and further backwards, till, as in living species, it now opens at the extreme end of the skull. Though the way in which a whale sleeps and the way in which it feeds are doubtless two very different aspects of its mode of life, yet it is clear that they cannot be entirely considered apart.

OIL FROM COAL "SLACK": A HOME INDUSTRY AIDED BY THE BUDGET.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY SENSIBLE HEAT DISTILLATION, LTD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



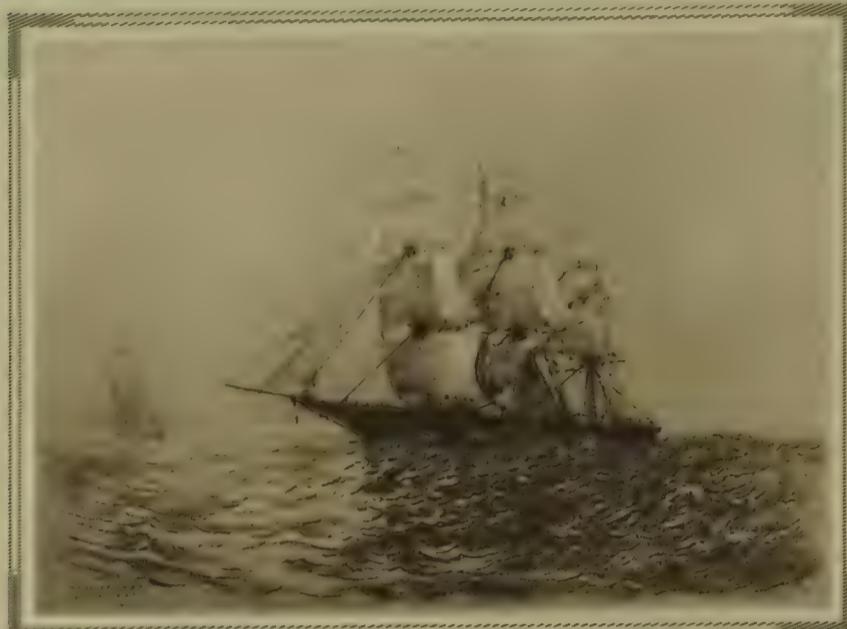
METHODS OF TURNING 60,000,000 TONS OF WASTE MATERIAL INTO RICH BY-PRODUCTS: A "SPUR" TO THE COAL TRADE.

By taxing imported light oils, Mr. Churchill's Budget aims at assisting the production of such oil in this country. Every year we spend £45,000,000 on importing, refining, and distributing foreign oils. Of the total amount of oil used in this country, 98 per cent. is imported, and of the lubricating oils (not taxed in the Budget), 85 per cent. come from U.S.A. Coal distillation is a method of retorting raw small coal known as "slack," and from this almost unmarketable commodity we can produce, with the plant illustrated above, valuable oils and other useful products. The main part of the apparatus is a revolving retort. Into this retort (on the left) the coal "slack" enters and falls downward towards the right end. There heated gas is driven in under pressure, and the gas, passing the coal, extracts the oils and carries them in suspension back to the

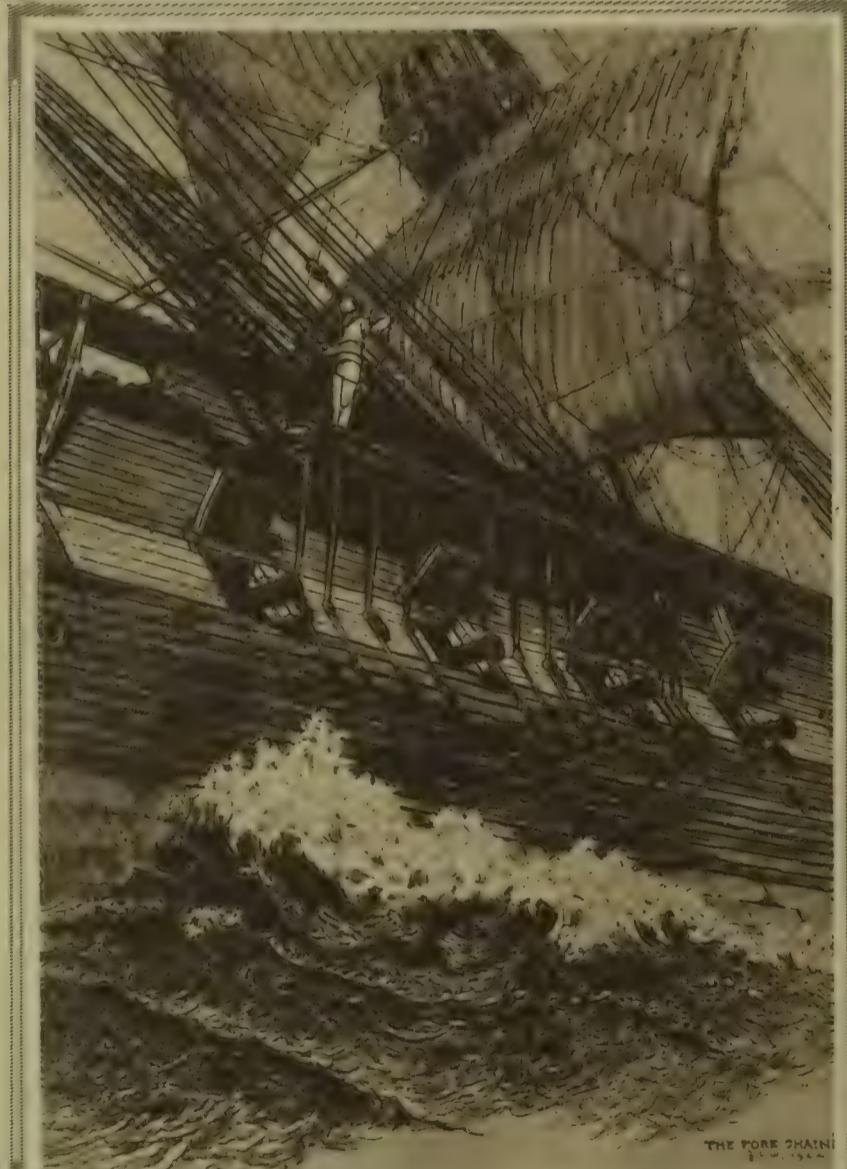
cyclones on the left. From here the mixture of oil, gas, and water passes through condensers. The oil is removed by condensation from the gas—and is further separated from the water in it by passing up steam-jacketed pipes inside the oil-separators. The crude oil, practically free from water, passes to the "daily" tanks, whilst the gas goes off to do other work, and the effluent liquid is passed to another tank. The crude oil then goes to the refining tank, and from this oil are obtained the useful commodities illustrated along the bottom of this page. The residual fuel from the retort is used for making pulverised fuel (as illustrated in a previous issue) and other useful substances. The whole system, which is known as the "L. and N." Process, is of immense importance to the coal industry. The products are primary products.

PICTURES TRUE TO THE OLD SHIPS: ETCHINGS BY GEORGE C. WALES.

REPRODUCED FROM THE EXAMPLES IN THE EXHIBITION OF FIFTY ETCHINGS BY FIVE AMERICAN ARTISTS, AT MESSRS. B. F. STEVENS AND BROWN'S, 4, TRAFALGAR SQUARE. THE SUBJECTS HERE GIVEN BY COURTESY OF MR. CHARLES E. GOODSPREAD, OF BOSTON, MASS., THE PUBLISHER.



"THE RED JACKET"—A CLIPPER SHIP.



"THE FORE CHAINS"—A NEAR VIEW OF THE SIDE OF A FRIGATE.

Mr. George C. Wales, some of whose "prints of ships" are here reproduced, was born in 1868, and is a Boston architect. "My interest in drawing and in ships," he has written, "dates back as far as I can remember. . . . There are no very definite records of my earliest attempts, but my school-books were all 'extra-illustrated,' and a few secular compositions even found their way to the fly-leaves of the hymn books in the family pew in the church on Union Park Street, where Dr. Edward Everett Hale used to preach. . . . Boats, ships, and the sea exercised a steady fascination for me, both actually and pictorially. . . . I generally carried a sketch-book and was always drawing pictures of ships in spare moments. I tried, too, to supplement what I had learned by observation, by the study of seamanship of earlier days of single topsails. Our early frigates and their handling, our Salem and Boston ships, as well as the great clipper-ship era, provided me



"CUTTING IN"—A WHALING BARQUE.



"THE MARY POLLOCK"—DISMANTLED AND WATER-LOGGED. (THE SHIP'S NAME COMES FROM THE SUB-TITLE OF KIPLING'S "THE DERELICT.")

with a wide field. Various ancient books on seamanship, and the leading of rigging, explained to me certain details of the old rig which are now obsolete. So I kept on 'drawing ships' until about ten years ago William M. Paxton, the painter, suggested that I etch them. A steel needle seemed a very foreign thing to work with, especially to one who was used to a soft pencil, but Paxton was so darned nice about it, grounding a plate for me, and teaching me how to bite it and print it, that his inoculation 'took,' and I have been at it ever since. I would like to define some of the things at which I aim. To make a picture that shall be true to the old ships and to their handling, that shall express both the buoyancy and the weight of hull in the water and progress through it, or the idling in a calm; to show a sail not as a piece of carved ivory, but as it really looks—heavy canvas, soiled perhaps, not setting perfectly, but creased or wrinkled by pressure of buntline or pull of sheet; then, too, the different moods of the sea and the weight and swing of it in motion. I find all this constitutes a fairly large order, and I think I have a notion why, from Hollar's day to this, few etchers have used as subjects ships under sail." These etchings by Mr. Wales, it should be added, form a part of the Exhibition of Fifty Etchings by Five American Artists, at the rooms of Messrs. Stevens and Brown, of 4, Trafalgar Square; a show which will interest many and especially, perhaps, the American Colony in London.

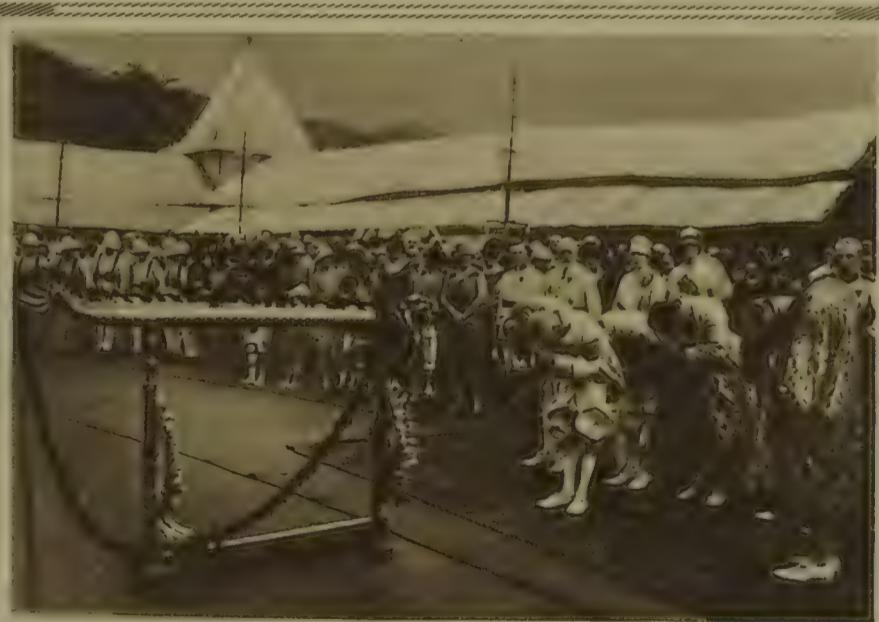
A KING LIGHTS HIS FATHER'S FUNERAL PYRE; AND RELEASES PRISONERS.



CONVICTS RELEASED AT A ROYAL CREMATION: KING MONIVONG OF CAMBODIA, IN GRANTING THEIR FREEDOM AT THE OBSEQUIES OF HIS FATHER, KING SISOWATH, WARNS THEM THAT ANY FURTHER OFFENCE WILL MEAN A DOUBLE PUNISHMENT—AN INTERESTING SCENE ATTENDED BY OFFICIALS OF THE FRENCH PROTECTORATE.



KING MONIVONG SETS FIRE TO AN INFLAMMABLE CORD WHICH IGNITES THE FUNERAL PYRE OF KING SISOWATH: THE CORD BURNING.



KING MONIVONG AND HIS MINISTERS BOWING IN PRAYER FOR THE LAST TIME AT THE FUNERAL PYRE: THE SCENE JUST BEFORE THE KING LIGHTED THE CORD.

King Sisowath of Cambodia died on August 9 last, and the first part of the funeral rites ended with the placing of his body in an urn. This urn was deposited in the Silver Pagoda, and remained there until the cremation ceremony, which took place from March 2 to 10. The long delay between the King's death and his cremation was necessary to build the crematory edifices. The crematory tower erected for King Sisowath, near the Palace at Phnom Penh, was 35 metres (about 113 ft.) in height. On March 2, his son and successor, King Monivong, was present at the removal of the urn, which was opened, and the King's embalmed

body was revealed. It was then taken out, washed, perfumed, and placed in a new urn of silver gilt, while the water in which he had been washed was put into a silver receptacle. The body was then conveyed in procession to the chapel, in a motor-car made like a throne. For seven days from this throne King Sisowath dominated his people, and on the eighth day the cremation began. King Monivong set fire to his father's remains, in the presence of his Court and the leading Europeans, by lighting an inflammable cord. The ashes were placed in a little golden urn, and after nine days were cast into the river.

"OVERLOADING": THE STIMULATING ART OF EXAGGERATION.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"CARICATURE." By C. R. ASHBEE.*

(PUBLISHED BY CHAPMAN AND HALL.)

A FRENCH émigré in London, in 1802, writes of Gillray: 'If men be fighting over there for their possessions and their bodies against the Corsican robber, they are fighting here to be first in Ackermann's shop and see Gillray's latest caricatures. The enthusiasm is indescribable when the next drawing appears; it is a veritable madness. You have to make your way in through the crowd with your fists.'

Thus Mr. Ashbee in this his book on the stinging, stimulating art of exaggeration. Matters are not so ordered now. We exercise our malice and our mirth less robustly than did our ruder forefathers; at once less blithely and less bitterly. Cruel caricatures and cutting cartoons we have—the one cannot be divorced from the other—but, on the whole, the smile is sought rather than the snigger or the guffaw. That, perhaps, is why we do not fist it through the crowd! Even those who deem themselves without the pale if they are not paragraped as present at the Private View of the fashionable One-Man Show and the Academy, even those who, this week, will have strained themselves to be able to talk early of the Spiritual Ideas of Sims and the "Black Cap" of Orpen, are content to push politely! Possibly, there is some subconscious recollection of the words of the



THACKERAY AS CARICATURIST:
"THE QUEEN OF PAPHLAGONIA."
From "The Rose and the Ring." Reproduced from "Caricature," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

this explanation is attempted. It has ever been allowed that when a *character* is strongly marked in the living face, it may be considered as an index of the mind; to express which, with any degree of justness in painting, requires the utmost efforts of a great master." And he adds: "Hogarth understands. There are two ways of approach, that of perfect 'justness' and that of legitimate over-emphasis by the caricaturist. . . . Hogarth was the first exponent of the modern art of caricature, and within a few years of the birth of the art in the eighteenth century there sprang into being in England a genuine popular art. Gillray, Rowlandson, Bunbury, Newton, Izaac Cruikshank, and many others might be cited."

But, it may be recalled, Hazlitt had it: "Hogarth is essentially a comic painter; his pictures are not indifferent, unimpassioned descriptions of human nature, but rich, exuberant satires upon it. He is carried away by a passion for the ridiculous. His object is to show 'Vice her own feature, Scorn her own image.' He is so far from contenting himself with still life that he is always on the verge of caricature, though without ever falling into it."

In fact, satire, caricature, truthful representation, merge into one another so imperceptibly that they cannot be separated. Who, to take a different case, will venture to decide where a Dickens character ceases to be a "straight" portrait and becomes a caricature, or, at least, a composite figure designed to represent a class rather than an individual? Mr. Ashbee is well aware of this, and is becomingly cautious, a fact upon which he is to be congratulated.

Summing up, he writes: "For the time being, we may take our art of caricature as we find it, in its happy relationship to life and life as a whole. 'If,' continues George Meredith, 'you detect the ridicule and your kindness is chilled by it, you are slipping into the grasp of satire. If, instead of falling foul of the ridiculous person with a satiric rod, to make him writhe and shriek aloud, you prefer to sting him under a semi-caress, by which he shall in his anguish be rendered dubious whether indeed anything has hurt him, you are an engine of irony. If you laugh all round him, tumble him, roll him about, deal him a smack, and drop a tear on him, own his likeness to you and yours to your neighbour, spare him as little as you shun, pity him as much as you expose, it is the spirit of humour that is moving you.'

"And if you set one or other of those things forth in a picture, no matter how badly drawn as long as it convinces, with a parable beneath it; if you will pull

"not to expose himself by four-footed manners unto monstrous draughts and caricatura representations."

All of which is not to argue that there is not regard for caricature. Far from it. Ridicule is still the deadliest of weapons and right expertly is it wielded. A touch is still a touch; often a palpable touch. Therefore, there should be many readers for "Caricature."

Mr. Ashbee is both informative and speculative. A major concern is to define and to divide; to define "caricature," to divide it into its several stages and styles. The task is not easy.

"Let us examine the word itself," he writes. "It is from the Italian 'caricare,' to overload or drag a weight just a little heavier than our vehicle can carry, and in that straw that might break the camel's back we have the essence of the definition." There he accepts Murray's: "Caricature in art is grotesque or ludicrous representation of persons or things by exaggeration of their most characteristic feature." But he is wise enough to know that no definition can be so precise that all will accept it without cavil. It is exceedingly difficult to agree as to what is and what is not caricature—for the lampooning may be of a thing or of an idea. Mr. Ashbee, for example, quotes Hogarth: "There are hardly any two things more essentially different than *character* and *caricature*; nevertheless they are usually confounded and mistaken for each other, on which account

a man's nose here, or his leg there, just overloading your line or your thought, so as to take it into the region of that unreality which is likewise truth—you have caricature."

But enough of this phase, lest it be judged that "Caricature" is merely an academic essay for the student. It should be stressed that it is not. The caricaturists of this country come under review with those of others; their methods are compared, their subtleties of mind and manner are discussed; their "concentrated criticisms"—kindly and savage, simple and complicated, gross and delicate, party and particular, national and international—are dissected; and they themselves are classed—from Goya, Peter Breughel the Elder, Hogarth, Gillray, Rowlandson, to Daumier, Gavarni, Gill, Caldecott, Rameakers, Thackeray, "F. C. G." Max, Caran d'Ache, Tenniel, Dyson, Gulbransson, Stutz, Hengler, Baxter (of "Ally Sloper" fame), [Continued on p. 814.]



INIGO JONES AS CARICATURIST:
"COURT SATIRE ON AN ANABAPTIST."

Reproduced from "Caricature," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall.



GOYA, THE CARICATURIST: "LOS CHINCILLAS."

"In 'Las Caprichos' he has a drawing he calls 'Los Chincillas.' We are puzzled at first at the master's meaning and the thought he wishes to convey, sinister, laughable, and grim. We ask who are the Chincillas, and why are they padlocked and spoon-fed. He helps us with a stray note, scarce deigning to set it beneath the plate: 'He who hears nothing, knows nothing, sees nothing, belongs to the numerous family of the Chincillas that has never been aught but good for nothing.'

Reproduced from "Caricature," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON AS CARICATURIST: "RECEIPT FOR MAX."

Reproduced from "Caricature," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

seventeenth-century Sir Thomas Browne, who, as "George Paston" has reminded us, introduced "caricature" to English literature, exhorting the reader

* "Caricature." By C. R. Ashbee, M.A., Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects; late Civic Adviser to the City of Jerusalem. Fully Illustrated. Universal Art Series, Edited by Frederick Marriott. (Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Ltd.; 21s. net.)

ATLANTIC FLIERS ON GREENLY ISLAND: THE "BREMEN" AND HER CREW.



THE GERMAN AIRMEN, WHO MADE THE FIRST EAST-TO-WEST ATLANTIC FLIGHT, ON GREENLY ISLAND, LABRADOR, WHERE THEY LANDED: A GROUP INCLUDING THE PILOT, CAPTAIN KÖHL (SECOND FROM LEFT), WITH THE PASSENGER WHO FINANCED THE FLIGHT, BARON VON HÜNEFELD (THIRD), GOING TO EXAMINE THE DAMAGED "BREMEN"—SHOWING (BACKGROUND) AN AEROPLANE THAT BROUGHT A PHOTOGRAPHER.



THE MACHINE THAT FLEW THE ATLANTIC: THE DAMAGED "BREMEN" (SINCE ABANDONED) PROPPED WITH OIL-DRUMS TO KEEP HER OUT OF THE POND IN WHICH SHE LANDED.



EXAMINING THE DAMAGED "BREMEN," SUPPORTED BY OIL-DRUMS AND TIMBERS: BARON VON HÜNEFELD (THIRD FROM RIGHT) AND CAPTAIN KÖHL (FIFTH FROM RIGHT).



ATLANTIC FLIERS WITH THE GREENLY ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER WHO GAVE THEM SHELTER ON ARRIVAL—JACQUES LE TEMPIER (LEFT), HIS WIFE, AND FAMILY: A GROUP INCLUDING BARON VON HÜNEFELD (EXTREME RIGHT) AND CAPTAIN KÖHL (THIRD FROM RIGHT).



MAJOR FITZMAURICE (CO-PILOT OF THE "BREMEN") ARRIVING IN ANOTHER AEROPLANE AT ST. AGNES, HAVING LEFT GREENLY ISLAND TO GET SPARE PARTS FOR REPAIRS.

These photographs are some of the first to arrive from Greenly Island, Labrador, since (as recorded in our issue of April 21) the Junkers monoplane "Bremen" landed there on April 13 after the first east-to-west Atlantic flight. Her crew consisted of Captain Hermann Köhl (pilot), Major James Fitzmaurice (co-pilot), and Baron von Hünefeld, passenger and financier of the flight. The landing was skilfully made on a frozen pond, but the machine struck a low stone wall and was damaged. The lighthouse-keeper gave the airmen shelter. On April 16, Major Fitzmaurice left Greenly Island in a Canadian relief aeroplane that had arrived from Murray Bay, whither he went for spare parts to repair the "Bremen."

Meanwhile two American airmen, Mr. Floyd Bennett and Mr. Bert Balchen, left Detroit for Murray Bay to pick up the Major and take him back to Greenly Island. Unhappily, Mr. Bennett contracted pneumonia, was taken by air to hospital in Montreal, and died there. The three Atlantic fliers left Greenly Island by air on the 26th, when it was reported that "the 'Bremen' lies abandoned on the ice." They landed at Curtiss Field, and went by train to Washington to attend Mr. Bennett's funeral in the Arlington National Cemetery. On his grave they placed the German and Irish flags they had brought across the Atlantic. On April 30 they received a tumultuous welcome in New York.



AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE THAT WRECKED CORINTH AND RENDERED SOME 10,000 PEOPLE HOMELESS: AN HOTEL WITH PART OF THE FRONT FALLEN, REVEALING BED-ROOM INTERIORS.



AT AN OPEN-AIR HOSPITAL AT CORINTH AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE: SOME OF THE INJURED PEOPLE IN BED OUT OF DOORS.



"MOST OF THE HOUSES HAVE ENTIRELY COLLAPSED, WHILE THOSE STILL STANDING DISPLAY LARGE FISSURES": A RUINED STREET IN CORINTH.



"THE TOWN PRESENTS A LAMENTABLE SPECTACLE": A WRECKED STREET IN CORINTH, WHERE BRITISH WAR-SHIPS ARRIVED TO HELP IN RELIEF WORK.



WHERE HOUSES THAT DID NOT ENTIRELY COLLAPSE BECAME UNINHABITABLE: A TYPICAL SCENE IN A WRECKED HOME AT CORINTH.

THE BALKAN EARTHQUAKES: SCENES

OF HAVOC AT CORINTH AND PHILIPPOPOLIS.



IN THE SECOND CITY OF BULGARIA, DESTROYED BY EARTHQUAKE: THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL OF PHILIPPOPOLIS COMPELLED TO HOLD ITS MEETINGS OUT OF DOORS.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCES AT PHILIPPOPOLIS: A BARBER, WHOSE SHOP WAS WRECKED, SHAVING CUSTOMERS UNDER THE TREES.



SOME OF THE EIGHTY THOUSAND PEOPLE RENDERED HOMELESS BY THE RECENT SUCCESSION OF EARTHQUAKES IN BULGARIA: FAMILIES SLEEPING OUT IN THE STREETS AT PHILIPPOPOLIS.



A HUGE FISSURE IN THE GROUND AT PAPAZLI NEAR PHILIPPOPOLIS: A RESULT OF THE EARTHQUAKE THAT DESTROYED EIGHT NEIGHBOURING VILLAGES.



HOW AN EARTHQUAKE IS RECORDED ON A SEISMOGRAPH: THE MOST VIOLENT BALKAN SHOCK AS SHOWN ON MR. J. SHAW'S INSTRUMENT AT WEST BROMWICH.



OPEN-AIR HOSPITAL WORK AMONG THE BULGARIAN CASUALTIES, STATED AS OVER A HUNDRED KILLED AND MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED INJURED: A GROUP OF PATIENTS NURSED BY NUNS IN A GARDEN.

The recent series of earthquakes in the Balkans have caused great loss of life, widespread distress, and enormous damage. In Bulgaria the first shock occurred on April 14, in the district of Chirpan, Stara Zagora, and Philippopolis (Plovdiv), the second largest city in the country. Panic-stricken people camped in the open air. King Boris, with his brother and sister, immediately went to the earthquake zone to render help. Further shocks occurred on the 17th and 18th, destroyed, and there were 60,000 people homeless. The Bulgarian Premier gave the official casualty in Bulgaria as over 100 killed and more than 400 injured. The comparatively small figures, he said, were due to the special construction of Bulgarian houses. The material damage at Philippopolis was estimated at about £4,500,000. Further shocks occurred from time to time—On April 23 a violent earthquake in Greece destroyed new Corinth, and caused panic throughout Attica and the Peloponnesus. In Corinth thousands of homeless people camped in the squares and open spaces. A "Times" correspondent who visited the scene

wrote: "The town presents a lamentable spectacle. Most of the houses have entirely collapsed, while those still standing display large fissures and are uninhabitable. The number of homeless is estimated at about 10,000 from Corinth, 2000 from Loutraki, and 3000 among neighbouring villages . . . As the fatal shock was the third of the series, residents had mostly vacated their houses." The British war-ships "Stuart" and "Eagle" arrived on the 25th, to help in the work of relief. French and Italian ships were also sent. Earth tremors continued, accompanied by storms and torrential rain, and on the 29th a severe shock was felt both at Corinth, where more ruins fell, and at Athens. At the same time further tremors occurred in Bulgaria. Among the buildings damaged at Corinth were the Museum, where valuable exhibits were broken, and the new American Archeological School, whose members excavating at the Odeon in old Corinth are living in tents. The earthquakes were accompanied by strange fluctuations in the sea level. Shocks have also been felt lately at Sofia, Adrianople, Constantinople, the Dardanelles, and Smyrna, as well as in Sweden. On May 1 two more shocks were reported from Corinth, causing further falls of buildings.

WONDERFUL CHILD DANCERS OF BALI:



"EVERY MUSCLE IS BROUGHT INTO THE MOST EXQUISITE PLAY": A BALINESE DANCING GIRL'S GRACEFUL ARM MOVEMENTS.



WITH SWAYING BODY AND RITUAL HAND GESTURES:
A SOLO DANCER AT A BALINESE FESTIVAL.

MIMING SYMBOLIC OF HINDU LEGENDS.



WEARING A HALO-LIKE GALUNGAN (HEADRESS) OF GOLD: A TYPICAL TEMPLE DANCING GIRL IN BALI.



"THEY TWIST AND TURN IN MARVELLOUS CONTORTIONS": A BALINESE DANCER IN A FLOWER-DECDED HEADDRESS.



"EACH DANCE IS SYMBOLIC, AND RECOUNTS SOME ANCIENT HINDU LEGEND": A PICTURESQUE GROUP AT A BALINESE TEMPLE.



WEARING A BEBADONG (BREAST-SHIELD) OF GILDED LEATHER: A BALINESE DANCING GIRL DURING HER PERFORMANCE.



"IT WAS ALL FLAT-FOOTED, YET THE GRACE, CONTROL, AND SUPPLENESS WERE INCOMPARABLE": A DANCING DUET.



THE FAN DANCE: A PAIR OF BALINESE GIRLS, IN ORNATE HEADDRESSES, PERFORMING AT A TEMPLE FESTIVAL.



TWO YOUNG NIECES OF A BALINESE PRINCE WHO ARE PROFESSIONAL DANCERS: KNEELING TO AWAIT THEIR TURN.



EXPRESSING RITUAL MEANINGS WITH HER FINGERS AND ARM GESTURES: A BALINESE DANCER IN GRACEFUL ATTITUDE.



"ON THE GALUNGAN (HEADRESS) FRESH FLOWERS ARE FIXED": A DANCER WITH AN INTENSE EXPRESSION.



MAKING PLAY WITH HER FAN: THE DANCER SEEN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH IN ANOTHER POSE.

These remarkable photographs of dancing girls in the island of Bali, in the Dutch East Indies, were taken by Pola Kreutzberg for a film which has had great success in Germany. It is interesting to compare them with the colour photographs given on pages 795 and 796 of this number. Some details of the temple dances were illustrated, in our issue of February 4, in a series of drawings by Miss Tyra de Kleen, as well as by some photographs from Mr.-Douglas Burden's book (there reviewed) "Dragon Lizards of Komodo." Miss de Kleen says: "The golden parts of their dresses—the galungan, or head-covering; and the bebadong (breast-shield) are cut out in gilded leather.... On the galungan fresh flowers are fixed."

Mr. Burden writes of two famous dancing-girls: "Though only ten years old, they went through the most amazing gyrations. Bound up they were, like two little mummies, in brilliantly coloured brocades, their headdresses of gold, filled with the sacred lotus-flower. They twist and turn in such marvellous contortions as only a child can achieve. All the dancers are trained from babyhood, and must stop as soon as they reach puberty. Each dance is symbolic, and recounts some ancient Hindu legend. They last for thirty or forty minutes, during which every muscle is brought into the most exquisite play. It was all flat-footed on uneven ground, yet the grace, control, and suppleness were incomparable."

In "a Self-Contained Garden of Eden": Modern Eves of Bali.

NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANKLIN PRICE KNOTT. COPYRIGHT NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY. REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF "THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE" (WASHINGTON). BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS BY POLA KREUTZBERG.



A TEMPLE DANCE IN BALI, WHERE "RELIGION SEEMS TO INSPIRE ALL WORK AND PLAY": A GRACEFUL PROCESSION OF YOUNG DANCING GIRLS.



"TWO DANCING STARS OF BALI": YOUNG GIRLS, IN ORNATE COSTUME, IN ONE OF THE RELIGIOUS DANCES LASTING FROM FORTY TO FIFTY MINUTES, AND RESEMBLING IN STEP, TIME, AND POSTURE THOSE OF SIAM AND CAMBODIA.



"FOOD FOR THE GODS IN BALI": TYPICAL "STRONG, STRAIGHT-BACKED BALI MAIDENS" EASILY BALANCING ON THEIR HEADS HUGE PILES OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS; WEIGHING 50 TO 125 LB., AS TEMPLE OFFERINGS, WHICH THEY CARRY FOR MILES.

MMR. FRANKLIN PRICE KNOTT writes concerning his colour photographs: "The man of any imagination feels the call to far places. So it came that I went to Bali, that beautiful but little-known island of flowers and modern Eves, lying off beaten tourist trails, east of Java. . . . Everywhere I met streams of people walking, walking—and always carrying something on their heads. If it wasn't a half-nude girl with a 50-pound temple offering of fruit and flowers balanced on her head, it was a small boy balancing an empty bottle there, or a man with a bundle of sugar-cane, a basket of rice, or coconuts. These Bali temple offerings are gorgeous to look upon. They frequently weigh from 50 to 125 pounds. Yet the strong, straight-backed Bali maidens easily carry them on their heads, walking five or ten miles along bamboo-shaded jungle paths to reach a favourite temple. Hindu temples, big and little, cover this thickly inhabited island. Religion is everywhere in Bali. It seems to inspire all work and play. The island is a self-contained Garden of Eden, where life is easy and food plentiful. The well-dressed young man and everybody else need wear only the *sarong* wound round the waist. Only on entering the temples must women cover the upper part of their bodies. For this they use a light scarf."



"ONLY ON ENTERING THE TEMPLES MUST WOMEN COVER THE UPPER PART OF THEIR BODIES; FOR THIS THEY USE A LIGHT SCARF": A GROUP OF BALINESE DANCERS.

Sacred Dances; and the Sport of Cock-Fights, in Bali.

NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY
FRANKLIN PRICE KNOTT. © 1928
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MAGAZINE" (WASHINGTON).

Describing a Balinese open-air theatre, Mr. Knott writes : "It was the spectacle itself—the gorgeous golden gowns and ornate headdress of the Bali show-girls, the graceful, symbolic measures and postures of their ancient dance—that enthralled me. The training of these girls begins at the age of five ; at twelve or fourteen they cease dancing and return to village life. . . . Shows are usually given in the daytime, against a temple or a natural back drop of jungle green. When one performance was over, my interpreter sought the headman of the near-by village where the dancing girls lived. He agreed to have them pose in costume for me next day." (See adjoining illustration). Cock-fighting is Bali's national sport.

BALINESE TYPES: (ON LEFT,
BELOW) BALI'S CLEVEREST
DANCER, A NINE-YEAR-OLD
GIRL; (RIGHT) A DEVOTEE OF
COCK-FIGHTING, WITH HIS BIRD.



YOUNG BALINESE TEMPLE DANCING GIRLS IN THEIR GOLD-LEAF GOWNS AND ORNATE FLOWER-DECDED HEAD-DRESSES: A GROUP INCLUDING THE VILLAGE HEADMAN (CENTRE BACKGROUND) BETWEEN TWO MASKED HINDU PRIESTS, FLANKED BY GRINNING IDOLS.



THE WORLD OF WOMEN:



MISS BUTLER.
The lady foil champion. She won the Desprez Cup the other day after a tie with Miss Daniell and Mrs. Freeman.



COLONEL-IN-CHIEF H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT PONTEFRACT FOR HER INSPECTION OF THE KING'S OWN YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY: SIGNING THE AUTOGRAPH BOOK OF A DISABLED SOLDIER.

On April 26, the anniversary of her wedding day, the Duchess of York visited Pontefract to inspect the depot of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief. There was a special parade which included veterans of the regiment and disabled men.

A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES.



PRINCESS JULIANA.
Only child of the Queen of the Netherlands. Aged nineteen on April 30. The rumour of her engagement is denied.



LADY (ABE) BAILEY.
Arrived at Cape Town on April 30 at the conclusion of her flight from Croydon Aerodrome, which began on March 9. She proposes to fly back to England. Her machine is a "Moth."



LADY BRITAIN.
Wife of Sir Harry Brittain, M.P. Honorary Musical Director of the National Conservative Musical Union, which is holding a great National Festival of Song at the Albert Hall on May 11.



H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE IN GLASGOW, WHERE HE RECEIVED THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY, IN ST. ANDREW'S HALL: A GROUP.

Prince George visited Glasgow on April 27 and received the Freedom of the City in St. Andrew's Hall. Included in our group are H.R.H.; Sir David Mason, the Lord Provost; Lady Mason; the Hon. Piers Legh; Miss Mason; Sir John Samuel; Lady Blythswood; and Sir Daniel M. Stevenson.



SILVER-WEDDING GUESTS JOURNEY FROM THE UNITED STATES TO PARIS: MR. W. MAY (RIGHT) AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.

Mr. May is the millionaire head of a drug stores. His wife and he invited sixty-three guests to visit them in Paris at their expense for the celebration of their silver wedding. The host allowed each guest a hundred dollars a day pocket-money.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS OTTO VON BISMARCK.
Prince Otto von Bismarck, grandson of the Iron Chancellor, whose marriage to the beautiful Miss Anne Marie Tengbom, of Sweden, took place the other day, has been appointed First Secretary to the German Embassy in London.



MISS JOAN MANNING SANDERS, WHO, AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN, HAS A PICTURE IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
Miss Sanders has a picture, "The Brothers," in this year's Academy. She is here shown with it. The sitters are well known at Sennen Cove, Cornwall.



MR. E. HODGKIN AND THE HON. K. M. HEWART.
The engagement is announced of Mr. Eliot Hodgkin, only son of Mr. Stanley Hodgkin and Mrs. Hodgkin, of Old Southcote Lodge, Reading, and the Hon. Katharine Mary, only daughter of the Lord Chief Justice and Lady Hewart.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: EVENTS AND OCCASIONS.



THE NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE TWEED AT BERWICK: THE STRUCTURE THE PRINCE WILL OPEN; AND THE OLD BRIDGE (LEFT) AND THE RAILWAY BRIDGE (IN THE BACKGROUND).

The Prince will open the new Berwick Bridge on May 16. The structure, which is of ferro-concrete, is of four spans, and was begun in January 1925. It was necessary that the first arch on the Berwick side should be so constructed that it would cross the flow of the river at low tide. As a consequence, the span here is 361 ft., 6 in. The other arches are 285 ft., 284 ft., and 167 ft.



THE LABOUR LEAGUE OF EX-SERVICE MEN MARCHING TO ITS FIRST PUBLIC DRILL DEMONSTRATION: MEN AND WOMEN OF THE "ARMY" OF 131 PRECEDED BY THEIR FLAG. The Labour League of Ex-Service Men, an "Army" including thirty-six women and ninety-five men, marched from Commercial Road to Epping Forest on April 30, and there held their first public drill demonstration. Mr. J. F. Snook was in command. Some of the men wore blouses of a Russian type. The women wore red berets.



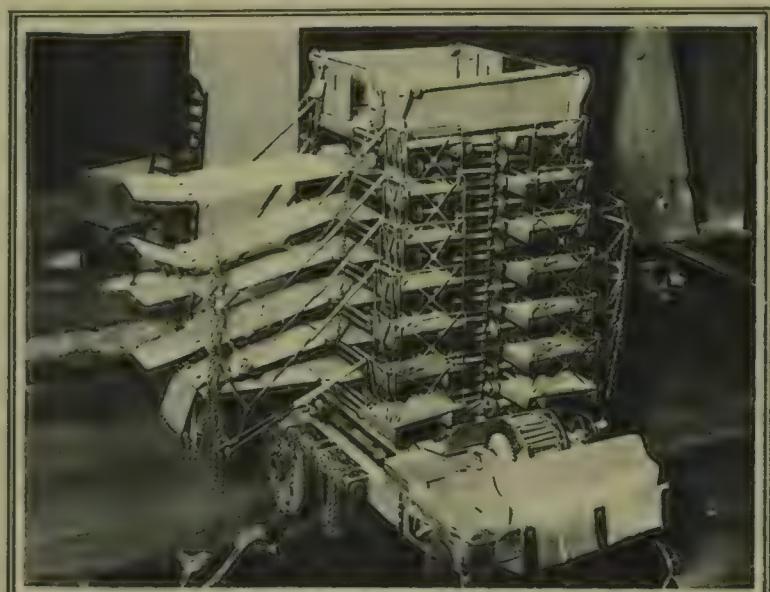
NEARING COMPLETION: BEAUTIFUL GLASS MOSAIC WORK IN THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART AND ST. CATHERINE AT DROITWICH.

The mosaics were begun in 1921, and the Chapel of St. Catherine and the Lady Chapel are finished. The materials are of glass mosaic, and the colour-scheme is most effective. The work is under the supervision of the artist, Mr. Gabriel Pippet. The photograph shows the Epistle side of the church, on which are represented scenes from the life of St. Richard.



PIGMY ENGINES OF A PIGMY LINE: AT THE LOCOMOTIVE DEPARTMENT OF THE LITTLE ROMNEY-HYTHE-DYMCHURCH RAILWAY, WHICH IS BEING EXTENDED TO DUNGENESS.

The photograph shows some of the eight-ton Pacific-type engines used on the line, which we illustrated in May 1926, when it was under construction. At the moment, it covers sixteen-and-a-half miles, but it has proved so useful and so popular that it is to be extended to Dungeness. The gauge is 2½ ft. Everything is modelled on the "real thing," and, of course, works in the regulation manner.



GERMANY'S INTEREST IN FIRE-FIGHTING: A MODEL OF A "TURM-WAGEN"—A COLLAPSIBLE "TOWER" WITH STEEL "BRIDGES" FOR FIRE-ESCAPING PEOPLE.

The model illustrated is in the Museum of Berlin's Fire Department. It shows a "turm-wagen," an up-to-date "tower" which can be raised to the height of any storey of a burning building. The projecting steel "sheets" seen on the left are "bridges" allowing passage between the collapsible tower and the burning building.



A RECORD FOR THE DISTRICT: A 53-LB SALMON CAUGHT IN THE NYTH WATERS, NEAR BUILTH WELLS, BY MR. R. DE BOHUN DEVEREUX.

The correspondent who supplies the photograph reproduced above gives the following details. "Caught in the Upper Wye. Mr. R. de Bohun Devereux, of Tregoyd, Three Cocks, with the 53-lb. salmon caught in the Nyth Waters, near Builth Wells. The largest fish caught in this district on record: 4 ft. 3 in. long; 28 in. in girth."

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE EVENTS.



VICE-ADMIRAL KELLY'S FLAG-SHIP IN THE SQUADRON DESPATCHED FROM MALTA
IN CONNECTION WITH THE ULTIMATUM TO EGYPT: H.M.S. "WARSPITE."



THE EGYPTIAN CABINET: (L. TO R.) WILLIAM MAKRAM BEY EBEID (COMMUNICATIONS); MOHAMED PASHA SAFWAT (AGRICULTURE); IBRAHIM BEY FAHMY (PUBLIC WORKS); AHMED PASHA KASHABA (JUSTICE); GAAFAR PASHA WALY (WAR); MUSTAPHA PASHA NAHAS (PREMIER, AND INTERIOR); NEGUIB PASHA GHARABLY (WAKFS); ALI PASHA EL SHAMSY (EDUCATION); MOHAMED PASHA MAHMUD (FINANCE).

On April 29 the British Government sent an Ultimatum to the Egyptian Government demanding the withdrawal of the Assemblies Bill by 7 p.m. on May 2. In Parliament on May 1 Sir Austen Chamberlain explained that the measure would endanger public security in Egypt. Meanwhile, on April 30, a British squadron left Malta, consisting of the battle-ships "Warspite" (flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Kelly, commanding the First Battle Squadron) and "Valiant," and the light cruisers "Caledon," "Ceres," and "Calypso." Their destination was given as Corinth, but it was understood they would go to Egypt, if necessary. Later it was reported that the Egyptian reply, friendly in tone, but deprecating "interference" and agreeing only to postpone the Bill, was expected on May 1.



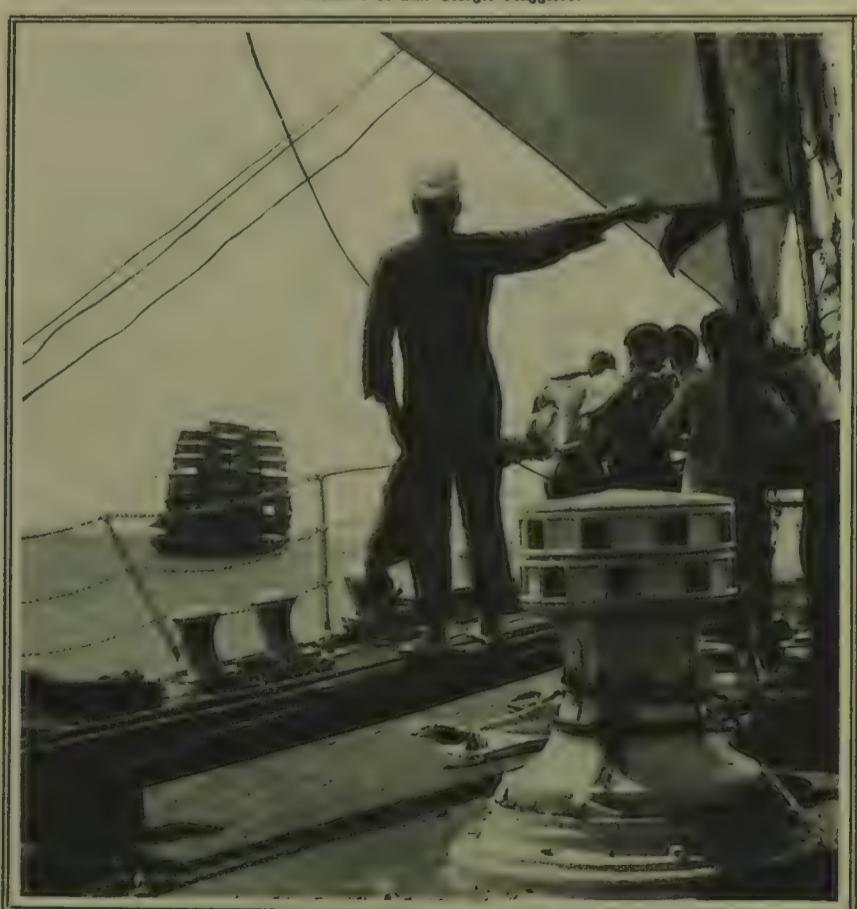
A GREAT FESTIVAL IN VENICE: THE ELEVENTH CENTENARY OF THE RECOVERY OF THE RELICS OF ST. MARK FROM EGYPT.

Venice recently celebrated, with splendid ceremony, the eleventh centenary of the acquisition of the relics of St. Mark by two Venetians in Egypt, and the removal of the relics from Alexandria to Venice. Our photograph shows a scene of pageantry on the Piazza San Marco, with part of the Campanile on the right, and a great banner bearing the Lion of St. Mark. In the background is the domed church on the island of San Giorgio Maggiore.



THE SWEDISH BARQUE "C. B. PEDERSEN" AS SEEN FROM THE DECK OF THE "HERZOGIN CECILIE": AN INCIDENT OF THE LATTER'S "RACE" FROM AUSTRALIA.

The 14,000-mile race from Port Lincoln, Australia, to Falmouth, between the Finnish sailing barque "Herzogin Cecilie" and the Swedish barque, "Beatrice," ended on April 24, when the "Herzogin Cecilie" arrived first at Falmouth, having completed the voyage in ninety-six days. At the moment of writing no report has been received as to the whereabouts of the "Beatrice." On arrival at Falmouth, Captain de Cloux,



AN INCIDENT ABOARD THE "HERZOGIN CECILIE" DURING HER VICTORIOUS RACE AGAINST THE "BEATRICE": SIGNALLING ANOTHER SHIP.

of the "Herzogin Cecilie," stated that during the voyage the Swedish four-masted barque "C. B. Pedersen" had been spoken in southern latitudes, and was at first sight taken for the "Beatrice." The "C. B. Pedersen" sailed from Sydney on January 18, a day before the other two ships left Port Lincoln. They were both illustrated in our issue of April 28, with the Great Tea Race of 1866, an old-time parallel.

KINGS OF THE JUNGLE MEET IN MORTAL COMBAT: WEIGHT v. FEROCITY.

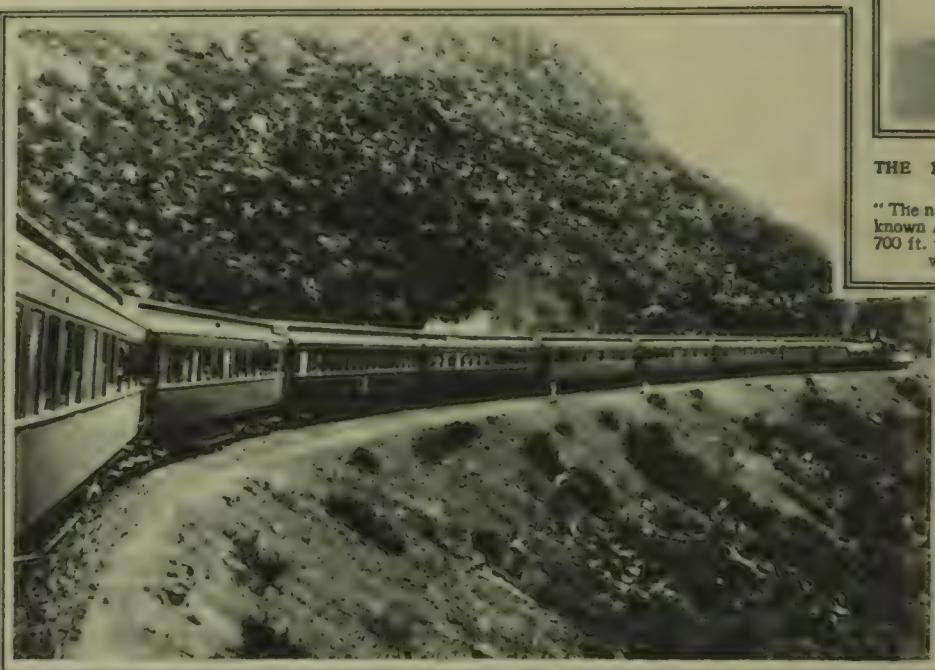


A "BEATER" ELEPHANT ATTACKED BY A TIGER AND CRUSHING HIM TO DEATH: A THRILLING ENCOUNTER DURING A TIGER HUNT WITH THE MAHARAJAH OF BIKANIR.

Describing the tiger hunt during which this duel of jungle giants occurred, a German writer says: "The sound of a motor-horn, and then an elegant automobile appears, and in it the Maharajah of Bikanir, who bows to his numerous guests come there to hunt with him, while some great elephants in the background bellow as though they, too, were seized with the excitement of the chase. At the sound of a trumpet, the long procession of elephants makes a move, each elephant that has a howdah on his back being followed by three beater elephants, who only carry the mahout, a native who has full control of them. At the exact time indicated the whole party enters the jungle, which consists chiefly of bamboos and low trees, with elephant grass

several yards in height, which gives the tiger so much protection. Everything is kept as quiet as possible, as the Maharajah does not want the tiger to be scared into a panic and take to flight. Then comes a glimpse of a magnificent striped body, which disappears in the high grass. Suddenly one sees the tiger again, and this time he attacks an elephant's head and drives his sharp claws into his trunk. The elephant, mad with pain, lets his trunk sink low, but before the tiger has had time to grasp his danger, the elephant, with a quick movement of his front paws, has managed to stamp on him and split his ribs."

HAPPENINGS FAR AND NEAR: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE SCENE OF THE RECENT RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA: A TRAIN AT THE EXACT SPOT IN THE HEX RIVER PASS.

A mail train from Johannesburg to Cape Town was derailed, on April 27, while passing through the famous Hex River Mountains. The engine and six coaches left the rails, and the coaches caught fire. Eight people were killed, including the engine-driver, and several others seriously injured. Close behind the wrecked train was a special train for American tourists, and behind that the Union Limited Express. They were held up, and some doctors among the tourists rendered first aid.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF A NEW-BORN ISLAND: FALCON ISLAND, RECENTLY THROWN UP BY VOLCANIC ACTION IN THE PACIFIC.

"The new island thrown up in the Tongan group (Falcon Island)," writes Mr. Raymond McCune, a well-known American engineer, "rose out of the sea last fall. It is roughly 2½ miles long, ½ mile wide, and 700 ft. to 800 ft. high, apparently all ash. We were the first boat to visit it since the cable ship that went there while it was erupting. This picture is undoubtedly the first to reach England."



FRAGMENTS OF A STATUE OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS FOUND IN CYPRUS: A PEASANT'S REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

This photograph is the first taken of the remaining parts of a bronze statue, the head of which was illustrated in our issue of April 21, with the following note: "At Kythraea, in Cyprus, a peasant recently unearthed this fine bronze head of heroic size, with the remainder, in fragments, of a complete nude statue. The head has been identified as a portrait of the Roman Emperor, Septimius Severus."



A SPANISH PRINCE (SEATED IN THE TURRET) INSPECTING A NEW GERMAN AEROPLANE FOR THE SPANISH AIR FORCE, WITH AN OFFICER EXPLAINING.

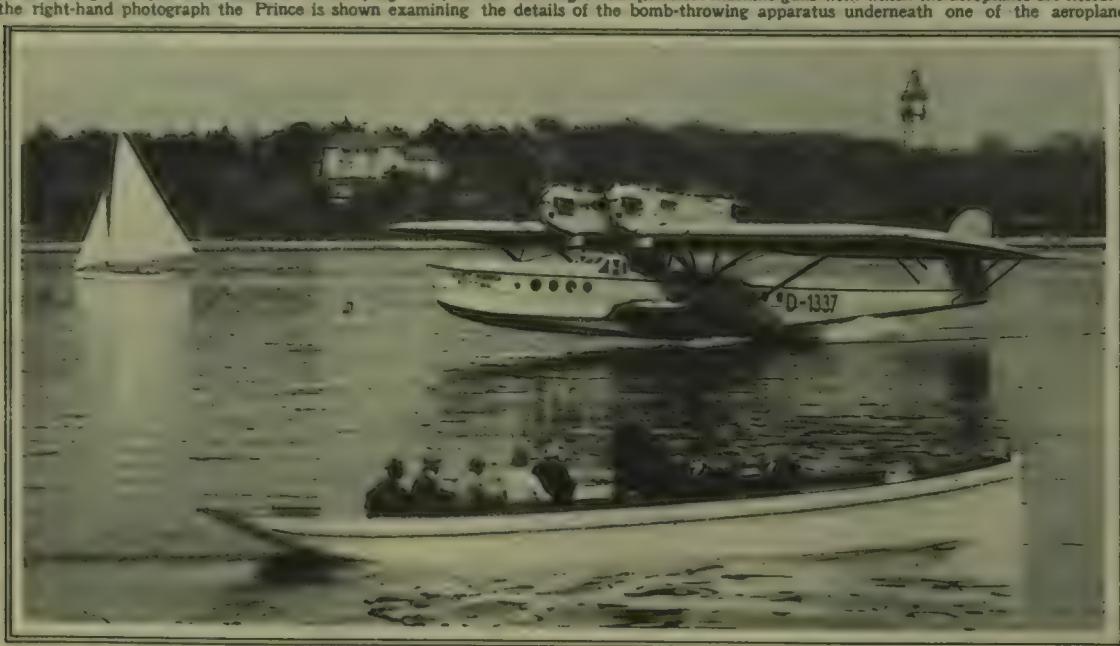
The above two photographs show the Infante Don Fernando inspecting one of the Junkers aeroplanes recently purchased for the Spanish Air Force, at the Getafe aerodrome, near Madrid. In the left-hand illustration he is seen in the turret of one of the machines listening to explanations, given by the Commander of the flying force, on the working of the powerful machine-guns with which the aeroplanes are fitted. In the right-hand photograph the Prince is shown examining the details of the bomb-throwing apparatus underneath one of the aeroplanes.



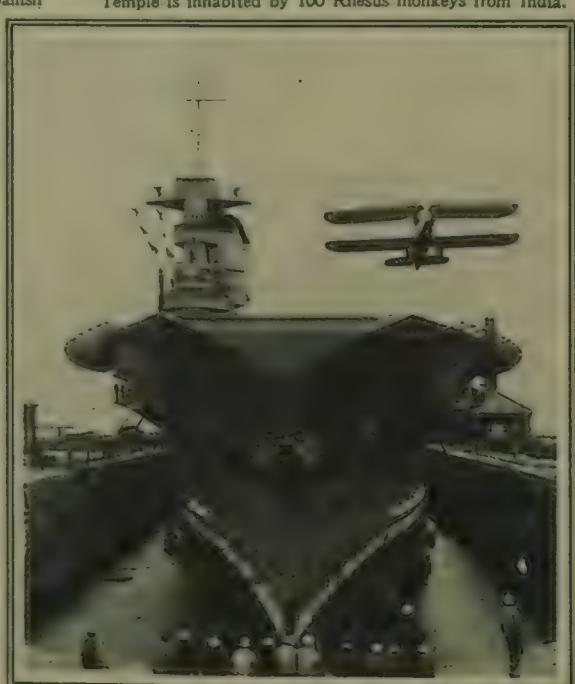
THE INFANTE DON FERNANDO EXAMINING THE BOMBING GEAR OF A JUNKERS AEROPLANE BOUGHT FOR THE SPANISH AIR FORCE.



A "TEMPLE" FOR MONKEYS: AN INTERESTING ADDITION TO THE CLIFTON "ZOO" AT BRISTOL. In the Zoological Gardens at Clifton, Bristol, has just been built and opened a picturesque monkey-house representing a ruined Indian temple in the jungle, and constructed on the lines of the Baboon Hill in Regent's Park. The Monkey Temple is inhabited by 100 Rhesus monkeys from India.



A GERMAN SCHEME FOR A TRANSATLANTIC AIR SERVICE: A BIG NEW FLYING-BOAT DEMONSTRATING. A regular trans-Atlantic air service from Germany to South America—an easier route than the northern, as having several stopping-places on the way—is contemplated by the Deutsche Lufthansa in association with the Junkers works. One of the big nine-to-eleven-ton aircraft designed for the purpose—known as the Dornier-Super-Wal and Rohrbach Rocco flying-boats—is here seen being demonstrated on the Wannsee, near Berlin. These great flying-boats are designed to carry twenty passengers. The service is intended to reduce the journey to South America from eighteen to about four days.



THE "FACE" OF A NEW AMERICAN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: THE BOWS OF THE U.S.S. "LEXINGTON"—A CURIOUS EFFECT. The new United States naval aircraft-carrier, "Lexington," is here seen in dry dock at San Francisco, before her official trials. The bows present the curious illusion of a human face. A seaplane (shown in the air) has just taken-off from her deck.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



FLIGHT-LIEUT. D. D'A. A. GREIG.
Appointed to command the Royal Air Force High Speed Flying Section at Felixstowe; and to attempt to beat the world's flying speed record at present held by Major Bernardi.



GENERAL ALESSANDRO GUIDONI.
Of the Italian Air Force. Killed at Monte Cielo Air Camp on April 26 when testing a parachute. Had served as Air Attaché in London and at Washington. An A.D.C. to the King of Italy.



MR. WILLIAM WALCOT, R.E.
The distinguished painter, etcher, and architect, whose "Impressions of Egypt" are being shown at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in New Bond Street. (See page 785.)



GENERAL PETER WRANGEL.
Died at Brussels on April 25 at the age of fifty. The last and most brilliant of the leaders of the White Armies which fought the Bolsheviks after they had seized power in Russia.



SIR EDWARD T. F. CROWE, C.M.G.
Appointed Comptroller-General of the Department of Overseas Trade. Became Director of the Foreign Division of the Department in 1925. Before that was a Commercial Attaché for twelve years; and then Commercial Counsellor at the British Embassy in Tokio (1918-25).



THE AMAZING £750 GOLF MATCH BETWEEN WALTER HAGEN, OF THE U.S.A., AND ARCHIE COMPSTON: HAGEN CONGRATULATING COMPSTON ON HIS VICTORY—18 HOLES UP AND 17 TO PLAY.

The score in the match, which took place at Moor Park, is shown registered on the left. It is a record for such an event. The first 36 holes were played on April 27, and ended with Compston 14 up, an astounding position. As a result of the second day's play, Compston won the challenge match of 72 holes, at the fifty-fifth hole.



SIR WILLIAM S. CHURCH, Bt.
Died on April 27 in his ninety-first year. The distinguished physician. A former President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, and of the Royal Society of Medicine (1908-1910).



THE VEN. E. F. NEWMAN.
Archdeacon of Plymouth. Taken ill in the train after attending the Church Assembly in London. Died in Exeter Hospital. Aged sixty-nine. Had been Archdeacon since 1920.



MR. J. A. STOUT, THE NEW ENGLISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION.

Mr. J. A. Stout, of Bridlington, beat Mr. T. P. Perkins, of Castle Bromwich, the holder, in the final of the English Amateur Close Golf Championship, by 3 and 2.



MR. HAROLD KNIGHT, A.R.A.
One of the new A.R.A.s. His wife (Laura Knight) is also an A.R.A. A member of the National Portrait Society. Was born in 1874. Studied at Nottingham and in Paris.



MR. GERALD L. BROCKHURST, A.R.A.
One of the new A.R.A.s. Best known for his etchings and his black-and-white drawings, but does not limit himself to those mediums. A modern "Pre-Raphaelite."



SIR WILLIAM H. CLARK, K.C.S.I., WHO HAS BEEN APPOINTED HIGH COMMISSIONER IN CANADA FOR HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN.
Vacates the post of Comptroller-General of the Department of Overseas Trade.



THE RT. HON. G. H. ROBERTS.
Formerly Minister of Labour and Food Controller. Died on April 25 at the age of fifty-eight. Formerly a printer. A Whip of the Parliamentary Labour Party for eight years. Joined Mr. Asquith's first Coalition Ministry (in 1915) as a Lord of the Treasury.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE KING VISITING THE ROYAL TANK CORPS CENTRE ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST ACTION BETWEEN TANKS: HIS MAJESTY PASSING "LITTLE WILLIE," THE FIRST BRITISH TANK MADE.

The King, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Tank Corps, arrived at Wool on April 24 to visit the Royal Tank Corps Centre. His Majesty, it will be noted, wore the Corps' distinctive beret. The programme included a visit to the "cemetery" of old Tanks, British and foreign.



THE KING AFTER HE HAD FIRED THE GUN OF A TANK AND SENT ALL HIS SHOTS THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE TARGET: HIS MAJESTY LEAVING THE TANK—WEARING THE BERET OF THE CORPS.

The King did excellently well when he fired the gun of a Tank, which is not very surprising, for his Majesty is a famous shot. He also inspected the appliances with whose aid Tank gunnery is taught. Major Darwell was in charge of the gunnery demonstrations.



THE BRUSSELS FUNERAL OF GENERAL WRANGEL, THE "WHITE RUSSIAN" LEADER: THE COFFIN BEING REMOVED FROM THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE GENERAL DIED, BETWEEN SOLDIERS WHO SERVED UNDER HIM.

The funeral of General Peter Nikolaievitch Wrangel, the best-known of the leaders of the "White" Armies which fought the Bolsheviks after they had seized power, took place at Brussels on April 29. The service, which was conducted by Father Isvolsky, was held in the English Church. The body was then placed in a vault in the Ixelles Cemetery, preparatory to being taken to Belgrade for burial in the Russian Church there.



HONOURING THE MEMORY OF THEIR DEAD: REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COMBINED CAVALRY "OLD COMRADES" AT THE SERVICE HELD AT THE CAVALRY MEMORIAL BY STANHOPE GATE, HYDE PARK, ON SUNDAY, APRIL 29.

A strong body of the combined Cavalry "Old Comrades" marched through Hyde Park on April 29, and a service was held at the Cavalry Memorial. Thirty regular regiments were represented. At the head of the procession was Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby, Colonel of the 1st Life Guards and of the 5th Lancers; and he it was who placed at the foot of the Memorial a wreath of laurel, with red, white, and blue flowers, encircling the emblem of the cavalry—crossed sabre and carbine.



THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF ART TREASURES AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES: A CORNER OF THE REMARKABLE AND PRICELESS DISPLAY ORGANISED BY THE BRITISH ANTIQUE DEALERS' ASSOCIATION.

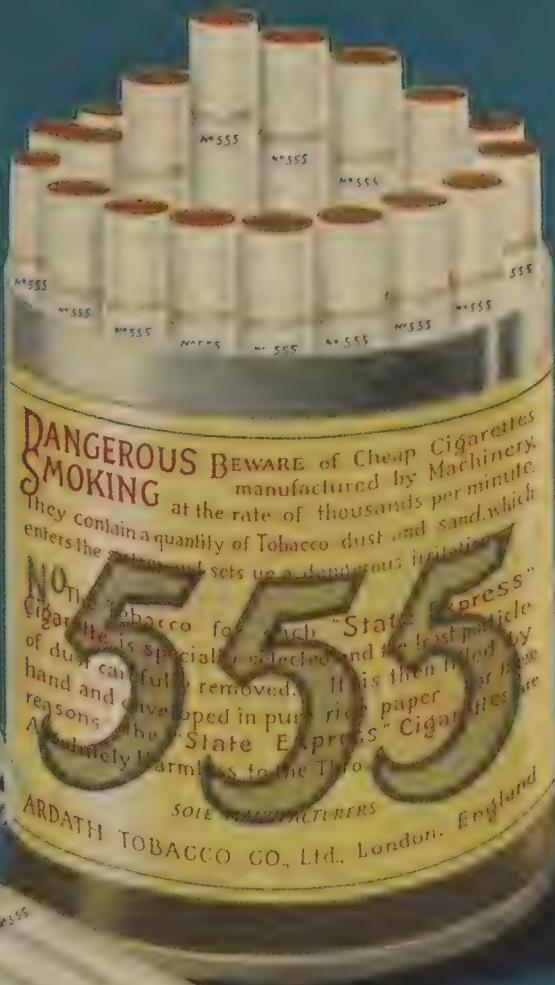
The present Exhibition of Art Treasures at the Grafton Galleries, in Grafton Street, is of very unusual interest. Opening it, Lord Lee of Fareham, who, it will be recalled, gave "Chequers" to the nation, said: "If the British public really cares for these beautiful things, and if they will only take advantage of the absolutely unique opportunity which is now being offered to them, the best of the treasures will be, or should be, retained in this country."



JOHN STOW'S EFFIGY RECEIVES ITS NEW QUILL PEN: THE MEMORIAL TO THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HISTORIAN AND ANTIQUARY AFTER THE SERVICE AT ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT, ON APRIL 30.

The annual service in memory of John Stow was held at the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, Leadenhall Street, on April 30. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attended in state, and the Lord Mayor placed a new quill pen in the hand of Stow's effigy. In the photograph (on the right) are the Bishop of Willesden, who conducted the service; the Rector; Mr. Percy G. MacKinnon, Chairman of Lloyd's; and Sir Ernest W. Glover, Chairman of the Baltic. Stow, of course, was the author of the famous "Survey."

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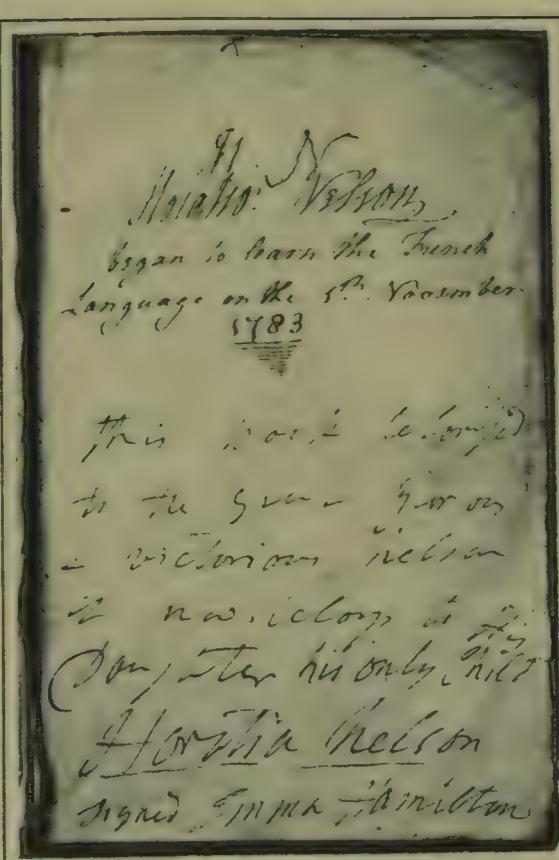
The Truth About Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

Abridged from the Foreword written for the Nelson Relics Exhibition Catalogue by Prof. GEOFFREY CALLENDER, F.S.A. Secretary of the Society for Nautical Research.

fleet and try again. Seven years afterwards, with vivid memories of this critical conjuncture, he wrote as follows: "The British Fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be written to the Governor of Syracuse that he was to encourage the Fleet's being supplied with everything, should they put into any port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse, and received every supply; went to Egypt and destroyed the French fleet." . . . More than forty times wounded in his brief span of life, he had already lost in Corsica the sight of his right eye, and his right arm at Teneriffe; he had been severely wounded at the Battle of Cape St. Vincent. But no injury called for more Spartan fortitude than the wound he received at the Nile. The gash in his forehead, healed, but still visible in Guizzardi's portrait (see double-page), caused him excruciating agony. . . . He returned to Naples. . . . The Hamiltons . . . constrained him to enter their house and make it his home. Sir William waited upon him hand and foot; and Lady Hamilton nursed him back to health. "Tria juncta in Uno" took on a new meaning. In friendship henceforth they were inseparable. . . . The Queen's association with the British fleet brought down upon her kingdom the vengeance of the "Reds," and, with the aid of Neapolitan insurgents, they invaded her realm, overthrew her armies, surrounded her palace, and howled for her blood. . . . Nelson with her aid (Lady Hamilton's) delivered the Neapolitan King and Queen, their children, their courtiers, and dependants out of the reach of the regicides, and transported them to Sicily, where the fleet could guarantee security. In the following year Nelson undertook the reconquest of the lost realm, and rested not until he had set the monarchs on their throne again. Nor were they insensible of their indebtedness to him. In August 1799 they created him Duke of Bronte, a title that carried with it a lucrative estate. . . . [We now pass to the events that followed Nelson's death at Trafalgar, and the subsequent history of his daughter Horatia. The part relating to Lady Hamilton's

condone rather than to confess the sin. The reasons advanced have been three. Firstly, it has been said that Lord Nelson should in his testamentary dispositions have called to remembrance his lawfully wedded wife. To this argument the only reply is a quotation from his will, the paper left on his table in the *Victory* being but a codicil, ". . . his said trustees and executors shall convert into money such personal estate as does not consist of money and lay out and invest the same in the purchase of three per cent. consols, and also the money which shall belong to him at his death, so that the dividends and interest may produce the clear yearly sum of £1000, of which they shall stand possessed upon trust, that during the life of Frances Herbert, Viscountess Nelson, his wife, his said trustees do, and shall, fully authorise and empower the said Viscountess Nelson, his wife, and her assigns, to receive the dividend in addition to all other provisions made by him at any time heretofore for her, and in addition to the sum of £4000 lately given her . . ." Secondly it has been said that Lady Hamilton did not deserve "ample provision to maintain her rank," because her claims to have assisted in the Nile campaign were unreal and illusory. In advancing this argument the commentators are, consciously or not, setting their views on naval strategy against those of admittedly the greatest naval strategist of all time. But this is by the way. Their views may be strategically right and at the same time morally wrong. Nelson was not prepared to trail in the dust either England's honour or his own. He could not ask his country to seal with the mark of public approbation a relationship which had been irregular. But he could point a way in which his countrymen could show their love for him, a way that no pharisaism could ridicule, no prudery impugn.

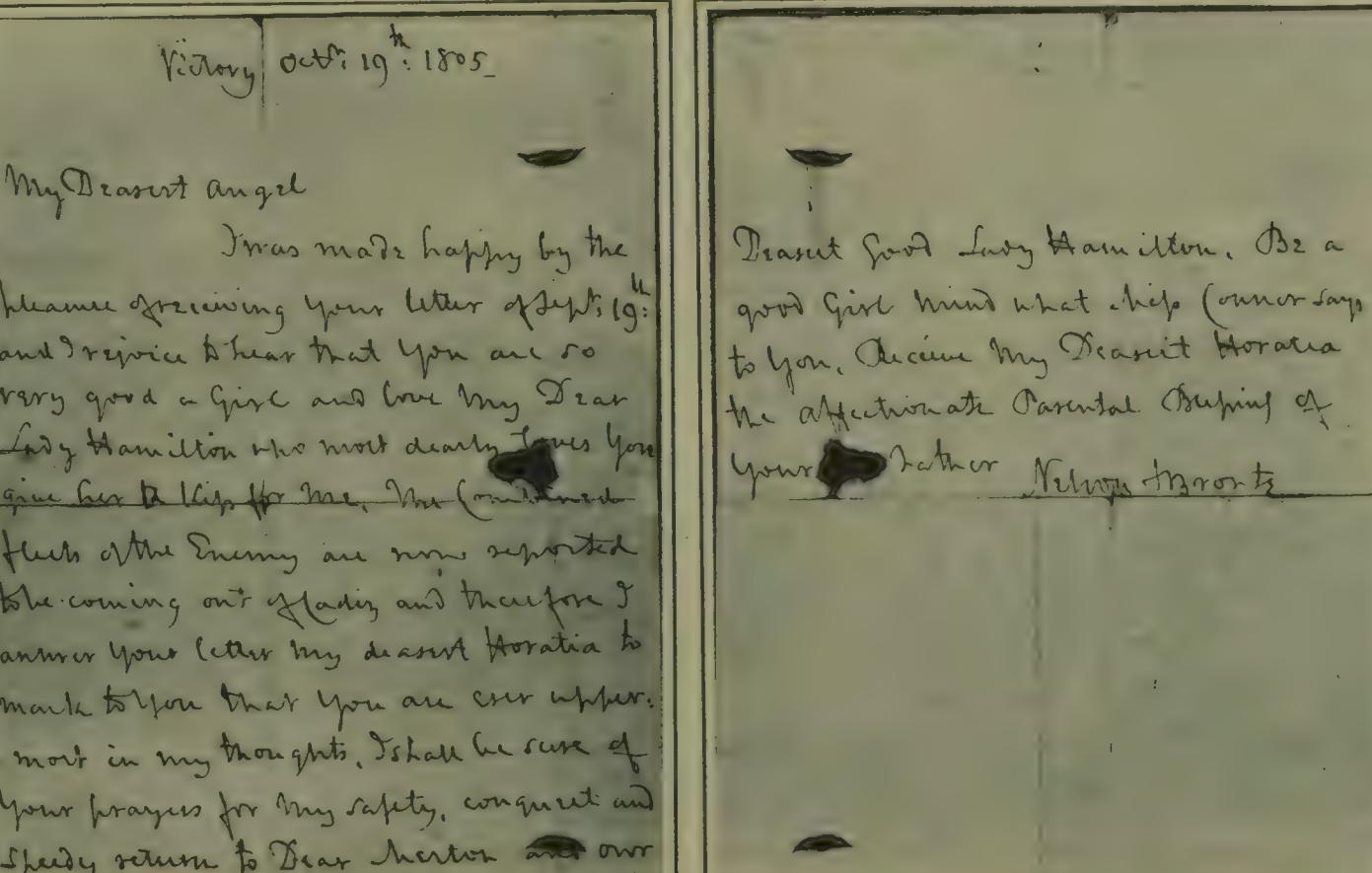
Thirdly, it has been said that, if she had made the best use of the funds bequeathed to her by Sir William and to Horatia by Nelson, Lady Hamilton, after selling Merton, which with all that it contained now devolved upon her, could have secured a competence for herself and her daughter and retired into a



NELSON'S RECORD OF HIS LEARNING FRENCH: THE FLYLEAF OF HIS FRENCH GRAMMAR (INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION OF RELICS) INSCRIBED WITH THE DATE WHEN HE BEGAN, AND A LATER NOTE BY LADY HAMILTON STATING THAT THE BOOK "NOW BELONGS TO HIS DAUGHTER HORATIA."

The following abridgment forms about one-fifth of Professor Callender's intensely interesting foreword to the Catalogue of the Exhibition of Nelson Relics (at Messrs. Spink's Galleries in King Street) illustrated on a double-page in this number. He sets in its true light the story of Nelson's relations with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, the importance of Lady Hamilton's services in persuading the Queen of Naples (a sister of Marie Antoinette) to allow Nelson to refit his fleet at Syracuse before fighting the Battle of the Nile, and the facts concerning Lady Nelson, regarding which he says: "Anything less like the wife-desertion which Southey castigated in his perverse biography it would be impossible to conceive." Professor Callender then describes the joint home which Nelson and the Hamiltons established at Merton in 1801, after the Battle of Copenhagen, and records Sir William's death in 1803, Nelson's adoption of Horatia (born in 1801), the tragedy of Trafalgar, and the official disregard of Nelson's dying wishes that the nation should provide for Lady Hamilton. Part of this section of the foreword is quoted on our double-page. The following extracts (necessarily somewhat elliptical for reasons of space) begin with the position at Naples in 1798.

FULLY aware by this time that the French were in Egypt and that his first diagnosis had been correct, Nelson had been chafing to deliver his fleet from paralysis. The Queen's letter enabled him to do so; to recondition his



NELSON'S REVELATION TO HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER HORATIA OF THE SECRET THAT HE WAS HER FATHER: ONE OF HIS TWO LAST LETTERS (THE OTHER BEING TO HER MOTHER, LADY HAMILTON), WRITTEN ON BOARD THE "VICTORY" TWO DAYS BEFORE TRAFALGAR.

This letter, in which Nelson revealed the secret of his fatherhood to his four-year-old daughter Horatia (born in January 1801, christened in Marylebone Church as Horatia Nelson, but known at that time as "Miss Thomson"), was one of the last two that he ever wrote. It is among the most touching items in the exhibition of Nelson relics which Prince George is to open shortly in Messrs. Spink's Galleries, at 57, King Street, St. James's. The Exhibition will be open to the public on May 15, and the proceeds are to be devoted to the "Victory" Fund. Other relics are illustrated on pages 808 and 809 in this number.—[Photographs by Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd.]

sad end occurs on our double-page.] . . . His dying plea for the two souls who had meant everything to him the country callously and deliberately ignored. . . There has been a recurring tendency to

comfortable obscurity. This surely is the "most unkindest cut of all." At Merton were gathered all Nelson's belongings (see double-page). . . It is a relief to turn from those who trod under foot the prompting of

[Continued on page 814.]



IN regarding the mirror nowadays as an object of furniture to be properly collected, and as being something representative of a period, it may be said that the connoisseur, while not departing from the contemporary glass itself, does affix a fine critical eye upon the carved frame environing a mirrored surface that may be like the reflected images of bygone beauties "with eyes that shone now dimmed and gone." He would not tolerate new wine in old bottles. He looks askance at a resplendently backed quicksilver modern restoration as being out of bounds. He prefers the pitted and speckled footprints of time upon his old examples.

It is not to be imagined that the mirror is confined to modern usage. There were hand-mirrors of polished metal in Greek days, and ages before Greek art. There were *patères*, or metal hand-mirrors, with the back showing classical groups, of the Graces, of Pan, and of fauns gambolling, having polished mirror surfaces on the other side. Glass mirrors were rare in the sixteenth century. It is conjectural whether, when Queen Elizabeth was dying, and "her face became haggard, and her frame shrank almost to a skeleton," the ladies in waiting withheld a metal mirror or one of Italian glass from her gaze at the face they had painted.

It is to the seventeenth century that one must turn to discover the "looking glass." Lord Herbert of Cherbury had one in his London house in 1641. Earlier still is the record of a manufacture at Southwark under the patronage of Sir Robert Mansell, who procured workmen from Venice. Skipping the period of the Civil War, when mirrors would be just the objects to shiver as being baubles of frivolity, we find at the Restoration that George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, set up a factory for mirrors at Vauxhall. From that day forward the mirror came into its own as part of household furniture, employed, as in the Palace at Hampton Court, to catch a score of reflections as to who was coming up the long galleries to the King's closet, but mainly employed as a fine decorative object throughout the late seventeenth, and especially the eighteenth, century, as adding glowing lights to interiors. The Dutch masters have left a record of the use of the mirror in Holland in giving decorative effect. The English designer had this in mind in Stuart days.

As to the infrequent use of glass in comparison with its employment nowadays, one may remember that, as late as the days of Pepys, he records on September 23, 1667, in his Diary: "Another pretty thing was My Lady Ashley's speaking of the bad qualities of glass coaches, among others the flying open of doors upon any great shake; but another was that my Lady Peterborough, being in her glass coach with the glass up, and seeing a lady pass by in a coach whom she would salute, the glass was so clear that she thought it had been open, and so ran her head through the glass."

Wall mirrors of the early period—that is, the late seventeenth century—were smaller in size; they were often octagonal in form, and had tortoiseshell frames.



FIG. 1. CHIPPENDALE STYLE AT ITS BEST AS EXEMPLIFIED IN HIS "DIRECTOR": A LARGE MIRROR, FINELY CARVED AND GILDED WITH A SKILFUL COMBINATION OF FRENCH DESIGN AND CHINESE MOTIF.

(7 FT. HIGH BY 4 FT. WIDE).

By the middle of the eighteenth century until its close, every conceivable form of mirror-frame was invented, including oval and bizarre



FIG. 3. A SMALLER CHIPPENDALE MIRROR CARVED AND GILDED: AN EXAMPLE SHOWING THE PEDIMENT BECOMING PART OF THE FRAMEWORK, AND STILL RETAINING PSEUDO-CHINESE ORNAMENT OF EXOTIC BIRDS. (3 FT. 10½ IN HIGH BY 3 FT. 6 IN. WIDE).

Photographs by Courtesy of Messrs. Gill and Reigate.

THE FINE ART OF COLLECTING.

XI.—EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH MIRRORS.

By ARTHUR HAYDEN, Author of "Bye-Paths in Collecting," "English China," "Old Furniture," etc.

There are finely-carved frames in lime or in pine from the hand of Grinling Gibbons, embodying fruit and flowers and sometimes surmounted by cherubs in architectural style. The cresting or upper part of the frame was a dominant feature in the late seventeenth century. Under William and Mary, the mirrors now preserved at Hampton Court are of large dimensions, befitting a palace; some are eleven feet in height.

With the overmantel and the panelling and other fixtures of interior domestic furnishing, possibly the mirror takes its place as being considered proportionate and intimately related to all else. Even when movable, this factor is noticeable, but there is something definite and determinative about a mirror which precludes its frequent change of place. It has been assigned a spot, and few are inclined to shift it from its freehold. One expects—and examples are forthcoming—black and gold lac frames at the opening of the eighteenth century. Overmantel mirrors became fashionable in the early days of Queen Anne, with arched frames; that is, with an amplified cresting. The three-panelled mirror as a fixture in conjunction with the overmantel was a predominant note. Later there came a fashion where the upper portion had a landscape picture inserted.



FIG. 2. A CHIPPENDALE CARVED AND GILDED MIRROR: A WELL-BALANCED FRAME, SHOWING THE LAST STAGE OF THE PEDIMENT AND FORESHADOWING THE NARROW FRAME WITHOUT EXUBERANT CARVING. (4 FT. 8 IN. HIGH BY 2 FT. 7 IN. WIDE.)

pieces a possible monogram embodying "T.C." (Thomas Chippendale). We know the whimsical way old designers had. Here is a suggestion for those who love riddles.

All these carved and gilt mirrors betoken a period. There are smaller sizes still upholding great design. One, some four feet high (Fig. 3), has the intricate carved birds on the pediment, and its lower framework follows the same flowing lines of the chair-backs. Hepplewhite, in his "Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer's Guide," 1794 (A. Hepplewhite and Co.), still continues the term "Pier Glasses." His designs of these are slender, and have slight framework bearing an urn and delicate ornament at pediment, and are as graceful as the carving on Hepplewhite chairbacks. The great age of the mirror had passed. It was now a boudoir ornament.

To come to Sheraton; one looks in vain for mirrors or pier-glasses. The fashion had, indeed, vanished. Speaking of Chippendale's book of designs, he tartly says: "As for the designs themselves, they are now wholly antiquated and laid aside, though possessed of great merit according to the times in which they were executed." He has a dig at Hepplewhite in passing. "If we compare this book, some of the designs, particularly of the chairs" (the "Cabinet Maker"), "with the newest taste, we shall find that this work has already caught the decline, and, perhaps, in a little time will suddenly die in the disorder." Indeed, the mirror had apparently come to an end, whether it was pier-glass or whatever else its title. It was deposed. But one dare swear there were pretty ladies, in spite of Sheraton, who caught their reflection and found favour in so doing. He does deign to give us a "horse dressing glass" on feet, otherwise known as the cheval glass. Sheraton, that visionary designer, could not prevent the nature and custom of a woman to consult her mirror, as Shakespeare has it in "King Lear": "There never yet was fair woman but she made mouths in a glass." But there is a later poet who sang: "There is a garden in her face where roses and white lilies blow," and this holds a kinder mirror to feminine grace.

forms, with every type of rococo ornament. A plethora of fantasticism overtook English design. It is exemplified in the most idealistic of designs for mirror-frames set forth in Chippendale's "Director," but he designated them "Pier-Glass Frames," and most that he imagined with French inspiration and Chinese imagery came into being either under his own hand or his *atelier*, or under the hand of the great school of wood-carvers he founded in England when he sent forth his message. The new wood, mahogany, provided the medium; his "Director" was the impelling force.

A fine Chippendale mirror seven feet high, here illustrated (Fig. 1), shows the two motifs in operation. The birds in the pediment are in the nature of the exotic birds decorating Chinese porcelain and Worcester china, which Chippendale knew so well; the French convolutions of design run with the Chinese stalactite ornament. A more sober piece, some six and a half feet high, confines itself to the West, and contains nothing Chinese. If one surmises, there is conveyed in both these

pieces a possible monogram embodying "T.C." (Thomas Chippendale). We know the whimsical way old designers had. Here is a suggestion for those who love riddles.

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This charming tea-frock of supple taffeta, with a decorative "flower" pocket and the fashionable uneven hem, is surprisingly inexpensive in the tea-gown department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.

slanting line which fastens at one side like a square neck which has slipped. To contrast with the austerity of the upper silhouette, the lower part of the coat is very full, falling in many flares and flounces, while the sleeves are more striking still. They are sometimes exceedingly wide, edged with drooping ostrich feather cuffs, or are narrower and boast huge fur "muffs" reaching almost to the elbow. A model characteristic of this new mode is a lovely wrap in emerald satin, looking almost like a cape, it has so many swinging folds. A loose knot at one shoulder is the only fastening, the long ends continuing down the front and disappearing in the folds. The sleeves are rather straight, decorated with strips of summer ermine from wrist to shoulder.

A Magazine for Parents and Children.

All youthful schoolchildren will be interested in the *Rowe Argosy*, a magazine full of delightful little anecdotes about sport, games, school, and school clothes. It is written in a light, amusing vein, and is published by W. Rowe and Co., the well-known children's outfitters, of 106, New Bond Street, W. They will gladly send it free to all readers mentioning this paper. And when the children have finished with it, their mothers will find it a useful book of reference to keep by them each term, for packed away amongst the pages are details and illustrations of every kind of children's clothes, both boys' and girls'. Every age is carefully studied, from the small suit and frock pictured on this page to the schoolgirls' smart knitted suits also sketched. A speciality is being made this season of suits for the débutante and small women's sizes ranging from £4 4s.

Fashions & Fancies

Beaded Printed Chiffons.

The vogue for patterned materials has grown so rapidly this season that now many of the latest evening frocks are not only of printed chiffon, but the designs are further emphasised by being outlined at intervals with tiny gold or crystal beads. One very smart frock, for instance, is of black and white chiffon in a bold tracery of leaves, and here and there a group is closely veined and edged with tiny green beads. There appears to be no fixed plan as to where the pattern is beaded and where left plain, giving an air of inconsequence which adds to the charm. It is a curious paradox that, on a small evening coatee, the larger the sequins the smarter the coat, whereas on a frock the law is reversed. Beads as tiny as "hundreds and thousands," those fascinating sweets beloved of our childhood, are embroidered on lace so finely that they are hardly distinguishable from the filmy background. A great many of these embroidered frocks have been designed for the Courts and for Ascot.

The Collarless Evening Coat. One of the most important features of the evening coat for many generations has been the collar. There have lived huge "bolster" collars wonderfully tucked and quilted, Elizabethan collars carried out in fur, and huge sweeping affairs of fox or white fur which almost hid the face completely. Quite a revolution has happened, however, in the new season's coats. There is no collar at all: sometimes a long scarf tied in a bow at one side, or the neck may be cut in a curious

shape which has slipped.

The vogue for patterned materials has



A group of decorative cushions from Hamptons, Pall Mall East, S.W. The two tasseled ones are in taffeta, the embroidered one in repp, and the pouffe in leather and velvet.

Inexpensive Tea Frocks.

Since the vogue for bridge has become so great, entertaining at home is once more coming into its own. Tea frocks and gowns which are easily slipped on and look pretty and graceful are worn by the hostess on these occasions. There is always an infinite number to choose from, at really inexpensive prices, in the tea-gown department of Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. For instance, £5 19s. 6d. will secure the pretty taffeta tea frock on the left with a "flower" pocket, and for the same price you can obtain a two-piece ensemble with printed chiffon dress and a plain coat. Then really beautiful lace frocks, all hand-made and decorated with multitudes of tiny tucks, range from 10 guineas. By the way, this salon specialise in outsizes. There are models designed for them at equally moderate prices, and a special fitter is always in attendance.

Beautiful Cushions.

The refurbishing of summer-houses and bungalows is a very topical subject just now. Much help and good advice can be gleaned from the little book published by Hamptons, of Pall Mall East, S.W., full of illustrations and patterns dealing with everything in connection with curtains, carpets, and furniture. There are, of course, cushions innumerable, and a distinctive quartette is pictured on this page. The taffeta cushion in various shaded stripes, completed with a tassel at one end, is 37s. 6d., and the large square-shaped one trimmed with a decorative gold motif and tassel, is 70s., also carried out in shaded taffeta. The floor pouffe is in suède and velvet, trimmed with gold braid, and costs 67s. 6d., while the embroidered cushion is in repp edged with braid, price 42s.



These happy little people have found their new spring outfits at W. Rowe and Co., of 106, New Bond Street, W. The small boy's suit is in rose linen piped with white, the little frock in rose-and-white printed cotton, and the older girls' suits in bouclette (on the left) with a striped jumper and in a soft "natural" coloured material patterned with small green triangles.



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CARICATURE.

(Continued from Page 790.)

Furniss, Busch, Forain, Spitzweg, Cruikshank, Walter Crane, Leech, Keene, du Maurier, Doré, Nicholson, Ospovat, Hablot K. Browne (by a slip, misspelt as Brown), and the rest. Truly, a catholic collection.

Nor is that all. There are various other points of value, various reminders of things forgotten or little realised. "Caricature with us developed earlier than it did in the rest of Europe, because of our conditions of political liberty. Caricature needs license of expression. It hurts. It demands self-control in him who feels the bob. Your tyrant cannot afford to be laughed at. Your caricaturist must have free foot to deal with pride and power in his own way. . . . Freedom is the caricaturist's first privilege, and in so far as it thus contains the English idea of freedom, this English art—for the inference has to be accepted—is at need anti-socialist, anti-mechanist, anti-bolshevist, anti-fascist. . . . Caricature, as we now see it, is essentially a democratic art; it can only flourish under democratic conditions. It needs liberty of speech and expression. It is not possible under autocratic forms of government. An autocracy cannot afford to suffer laughter; it must destroy the jester or be itself destroyed." That is one item worth remembering.

Here is another. The caricaturist is an interpreter, and often a seer. "That the 'serious Press' has now its cartoon is evidence of the growing importance of caricature. A swift fable, that is the aim; to meet this greater simplicity of mind and want of thought that comes of 'Education's Frankenstein'; and 'educated' or not, we all need it. The burden of life, of things, of mechanism, of advertisement, is becoming too great—caricature simplifies. There was given to Aesop, says William Caxton, with whom the English printing press began, 'the gifte of speche for to speke dyvers fables and invenciones.' The art of caricature is our modern Aesop."

And again: "Modern caricature . . . comes to be more and more an impersonation of ideas. The man in the street—this anonymous fellow—what is he thinking about? Get at the soul of him. How often in the last fifty years have we not found how the crowned head, the politician, the priest, even the Press itself, have failed in the interpretation of the moment—but not the great caricaturist? Something of a sudden has been flashed across the darkness and confusion; some Caran d'Ache, some Tenniel, some Th. Th.

Heine, some Cesare, has epigrammatised, and said with a laugh: 'That is what you are really thinking, look; here's a picture of it. Clear away the fluff.' The caricaturist has had the vision."

"The real man is what men imagine him to be." There is a profound truth in that. How he is portrayed depends upon the period and the medium. The period determines the mode of attack; the medium, the arms. "Every artist develops his own technique. His style and the way he laughs are inevitably influenced by the materials in which he conveys his laughter, whether he does it in stone, or wood, or clay; with the chisel or the modelling tool; paints, or fires his gibe on glass; bites it with acid on the copper plate; gives it with the pencil touch on the lithographic stone; or works for one or other of the innumerable processes of the modern Press, he inevitably feels his way and shapes his style to the process he employs. Here, as elsewhere, 'Soul is form and doth the body make.'

Many will rejoice in "Caricature." It is the outcome, the author tells us, of an evening at the Art Workers' Guild, "when the artists gather together, discuss each other's crafts, and tear each other to pieces." Such evenings are worth while.—E. H. G.

THE TRUTH ABOUT NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON.

(Continued from Page 807.)

gratitude and spurned the dying wishes of their deliverer, to the friend who knelt by Nelson's side in the anguish of death and gave him the kiss of peace.

Captain Hardy could be trusted to be true and faithful and kind. His letter to Lady Hamilton, conveying her Nelson's shoe-buckles, will bear reading more than once, in spite of its crabbed handwriting. Hardy brought the still more precious things, above all the miniature which Nelson prized above everything. "Take care of my Guardian Angel!" he had said in reference to it as the *Victory* went down to battle. Lady Hamilton gave Captain Hardy, among other keepsakes, one of Nelson's watches, perhaps the actual one he was wearing at Trafalgar, and the exquisite sword with repoussé silver handle and vellum sheath which had belonged to Sir William in his younger days.

After Lady Hamilton's death, Nelson's exiled daughter returned to England, and was received lovingly into the household of Nelson's favourite sister, Catherine (Mrs. Matcham), for whom on board

the *Victory* after Trafalgar Doctor Beatty, at her entreaty, had prepared the death-mask. With Mrs. Matcham, Horatia grew up to womanhood treasuring such things as had belonged to her father and had escaped the ruinous dispersal. In 1822 she married the Rev. Philip Ward, afterwards Vicar of Tenterden, in Kent. She lived to see her children's children, and died in 1881. It was by her special desire that Nelson's hair, the stock which he was wearing at Trafalgar, and his miniature framed with fifty-two pearls, should be conveyed to Greenwich and laid beside the other relics already assembled there. Merton was gone; and H.M.S. *Victory*, enduring monument of Nelson's service career, was still in commission. Greenwich, with its noble buildings venerable as the centuries, had ceased not to offer homage to the memory of Nelson since the days when his body had lain in state there.

This benefaction of Nelson's only child may be recalled with singular appropriateness at the present hour, when official sanction has been given for the establishment at Greenwich of a Naval Museum of national proportions and imperial significance. Is it too much to hope that the present generation will make it possible to carry still further Mrs. Nelson Ward's desire, and by a timely effort to reassemble what Merton once contained will expiate the fault of the past?

The three relics in question have been brought from Greenwich, contrary to custom, by special permission of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, so as to give the touch of completeness to the Nelson Ward heirlooms. Apart from these, no attempt has been made in the present Exhibition to gather together Nelsoniana which may be seen at any time in public galleries. The present exhibits derive their interest from the fact that (with one or two exceptions) they have hitherto been religiously guarded in private ownership and are now seen for the first time.

Any profits accruing from this exhibition are to go to the "Save the *Victory*" fund; and those responsible for the restoration of Nelson's flag-ship desire to record their very grateful thanks to the grandchildren of Mrs. Nelson Ward, especially the Rev. Hugh Nelson Ward; to the Rev. Elphinstone Rivers, Mr. G. Eyre Matcham, and Mr. C. Robert Rudolf for the kind loan of relics, and to Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd., for their generosity in arranging the exhibition and lending their gallery for the purpose.

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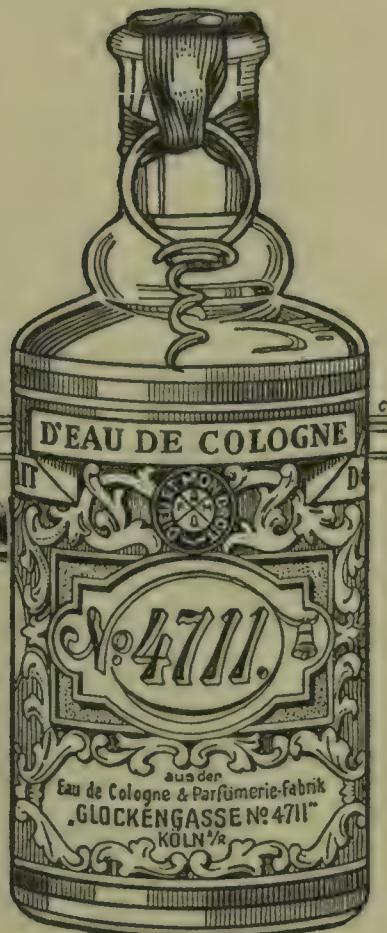
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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

STUDY IN BRONZE. By ESTHER HYMAN. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)

"Study in Bronze" presents the problem of the mulatto, and imports freshness into it. This is due less to any real novelty in the story of Lucea than to the attractive gifts of Esther Hyman. Her people are alive—so alive that to read about them is a keen pleasure, no matter what happens. It is quite certain that Lucea's white Daddy was a man of charm, and equally certain that bronze Lucea, his casual offspring by a Jamaican negress, inherited his charm. "The mind of a girl of fifteen," says Miss Hyman, following the stages of Lucea's growth, "is far too chaotic to be really interesting." So it is, as most people observe it; but in "Study in Bronze" it is not less interesting than the rest of Lucea's career. In fact, because of the Jamaican setting, childhood and girlhood are the best part of her story. The least palatable is her *liaison* with Ronald in London, which is much too full of battering at our emotions—a method that defeats its own ends. Lucea goes back to Jamaica when it is done—the right place for her with life not "over at twenty-seven. . . . Life certainly was not over at twenty-seven." And Lucea is not over in the mind when one regrettably lays down the book.

THE MADNESS OF MONTY. By ROBERT KEABLE. (Nisbet; 7s. 6d.)

Monty was a history master at a public school. He contrived to retain (unknown to himself) a receptive mind. After years of teaching history with Great Britain in the middle of the picture, he was startled to realise that William the Conqueror was as far from Julius Caesar as we are from William the Conqueror, and that the size of man in cosmic history is microscopic. (It is not clear why these discoveries should not have been made long before he was forty-odd.) They threw Monty temporarily off his balance. Henry VIII. and George I., perceived as pin-points on the dial of time, became unbearable: he proceeded to teach large-scale history that reduced them to their true insignificance, and finally dropped them out of the lesson altogether. From this class-room revolt, which was naturally enjoyed by the boys, Monty whirled on to escape into North Africa, where he visited Sfax, and met a hermit, and learned to value the sterling qualities of Mlle. Thais de Constant, otherwise Martha Sparks, a music-hall artiste. "The Madness of Monty" is the fulfilment of such day-dreams as may well tantalise an intelligent history master. Monty is an engaging person, and his escapade and subsequent adventures make up a pleasant novel.

BROOK EVANS. By SUSAN GLASPELL. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)

A novel by the author of "The Verge" and "The Road to the Temple" is bound to be received with eagerness. Susan Glaspell has written other novels, but "Brook Evans" is the first she has written since she became well known. It is split up into four parts, each of them minutely describing an emotional experience. These experiences originate in the frustration of the hopes and the young love of Naomi Kellogg. The idyll of Naomi's passion is beautifully rendered. The first part of "Brook Evans" could stand alone; and it is worthy to stand alone. But Naomi's bereavement and her enforced marriage produced consequences that extended to the third generation. The closer one looks at the sequence, and the more narrowly one studies the characters, the better for a full appreciation of Miss Glaspell's powers. Her women are hypersensitive; that has to be remembered. "Brook Evans" is a study of thwarted nature and its revenges, by an artist gifted with an acute perception of the prolonged reactions arising from emotional stress and strain. It will fulfil the public expectation: it is, undoubtedly, a remarkable book.

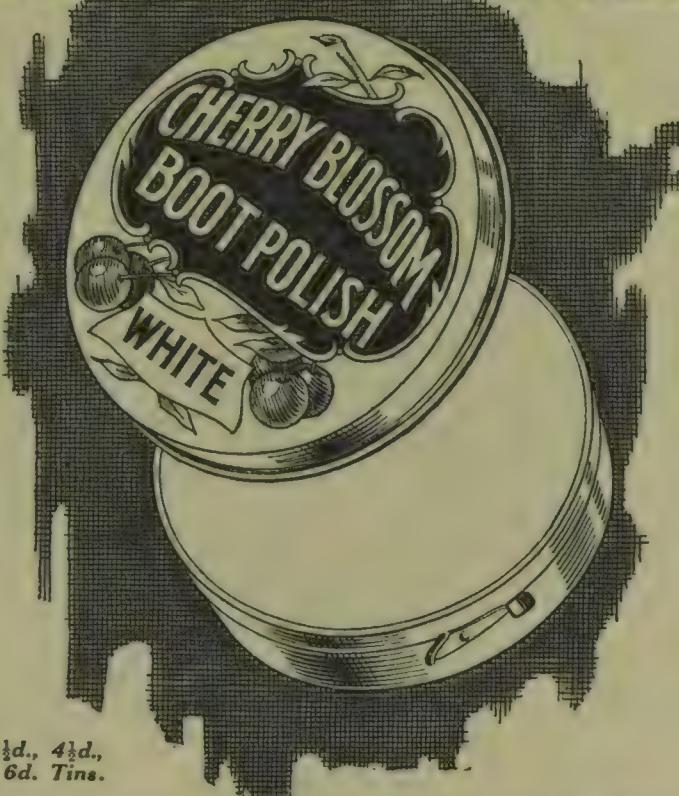
DAUGHTERS OF INDIA. By MARGARET WILSON. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)

The title of "Daughters of India" suggests Katherine Mayo and "Mother India," as it may be meant to do. Yet this striking novel is not beholden to anything but its own merit for the impression it makes. It is written from the point of view of an American missionary, who is shown to be a woman of great and sympathetic intelligence. The people of the mission share a sense of humour, so that the story is lightly told. It is not a light story, though the serious intention carries itself with a gay air. High missionary zeal inspired the work of Davida Baillie, an American who, naturally of luxurian impulses towards delights in life, cultivated deliberately austeries and simplicities. The saint shone through John Ramsey, the Head of the Mission the thin, tidy little old Scotsman, who was strong in his weakness, and immeasurably separated from the native-born men in his conduct of life. But Margaret Wilson's finest achievement is the Indian women who swarmed about Davida, and pitifully demanded so much more than even the most inspired and self-sacrificing missionary could find it possible to give. "We are too old—this land is—for salvation," said poor down-trodden Begum at the last; and Davida could only comment pathetically, "I was only saying—how nice it would be—if it did come, the glorious kingdom."

THE SEX AGE. By LEONARD ROSSITER. (Selwyn and Blount; 7s. 6d.)

Leonard Rossiter treats Marion Darsham, the arch-progressionist, as he calls her, very much as Molière treated the female cranks of his period. "The Sex Age," is a novel of our own time—not because we are really more, or less, concerned with sex than the people of any preceding century, but because we choose to believe that by talking about it, and writing about it, we have solved its difficulties. This is the notion that Mr. Rossiter ridicules, and he has hit off the silly-clever crank to a T with Marion Darsham. The moralist in him gets the better of the satirist, as it turns out; and Marion's demonstrations of the infallibility of co-education, sex-instruction, and trial marriages are not productive of happiness in her own family. It is a very good thing to have the prevailing type of foolish enthusiast shown up, in any age. The manner of "The Sex Age" is forcible, as it needs to be with so many nails to hammer on the head. In the jargon of the time, Marion was a woman of Personality. She was, really, a tiresome woman, bearable only because her pet subject has an abiding interest for the species. The action is vigorous in "The Sex Age," and its hard hitting has science as well as muscle behind it.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

HOW TO ECONOMISE IN TYRES.—THE NASH "SIX."

DURING the past two or three months a thing I have particularly noticed on the roads is the slackness of the average hurried motorist's tyres. Whether it is because east winds depress us to such

to go on. Tyre-makers do their painstaking best, I must admit, to impress upon the public the essential importance of keeping up the proper pressure, but very few motorists pay more than a passing attention to their instructions. If they could only have a convincing demonstration of the rapidity with which deterioration sets in with an under-inflated tyre, and be made to realise that you can quite easily halve its useful life by leaving the tyre-pump for too long periods at a time in the tool-box, there would be far less sorrow on the road and in our pockets.

The Value of
Regular Testing.

Tyres have improved considerably in the last year or two, the present medium-pressure type being an infinitely better and more satisfactory product than the original balloon. It stands up to ill-use better, and its life is longer. Yet even the best of them is only able to put up with a certain amount of abuse. It is a real saving of money (sometimes quite a good deal of money) to appoint half an hour once a week at least for tyre-pressure checking and regulation. Some inner-tubes lose

their pressure at the rate of several pounds a week, and until you have checked them you cannot really tell whether your own particular tubes are of this kind or not. The appearance of the tyre, whether the car is loaded or not, is the most fallible kind of guide, as you can very easily find out with the aid of a reliable pressure gauge.

Next to maintaining proper pressure, the most important thing is to go round the tyres every

morning looking for flints and nails. This is very old advice, but I still think as valuable as ever. The most strange objects can be picked up by the deep-cut tread-patterns of modern tyres. On a driving-wheel of my own car the other day I found a wood-screw two inches long and an eighth of an inch in diameter. It had found its way comfortably through the cover, though how it managed to do it I have no idea.

An Unusual
Source of
Trouble.

Another source of trouble I have come across lately arises from the spokes of wire wheels. For a fairly long period I had in my own car a succession of maddening and quite inexplicable tube failures. There would be a puncture of the ordinary kind, the hole in the tube would be found and patched, the tube thoroughly tested and replaced, and the wheel mounted on the spare bracket. The next morning the tyre would be down again. I



A WELL-KNOWN WOMAN MOTORIST IN A NEW CAR WITH WHICH SHE WILL COMPETE IN THIS YEAR'S PRINCIPAL SPEED TRIALS: MISS MAY CUNLIFFE IN HER TWO-LITRE SUPERCHARGED SUNBEAM, RECENTLY PURCHASED FROM THE SUNBEAM MOTOR-CAR COMPANY, LTD.

an extent that we cannot force ourselves to attend properly to such matters or not, I cannot say; but it is quite certain, judging from what I have seen, that people are apt to be extravagantly careless about tyre maintenance.

Just now, as I write this, the rubber market shows no signs of those unpleasant disturbances which lead so quickly to a rise in the prices of our tyres. Still, it is a branch of industry which can hold more sudden and disagreeable surprises than any other, and there is no point in allowing waste



LORD ROSEBERY'S NEW CAR: A DAIMLER DOUBLE-SIX "THIRTY."

then discovered that the ends of the spokes protruding too far through the rim were at the bottom of the trouble. No doubt the original cause had been

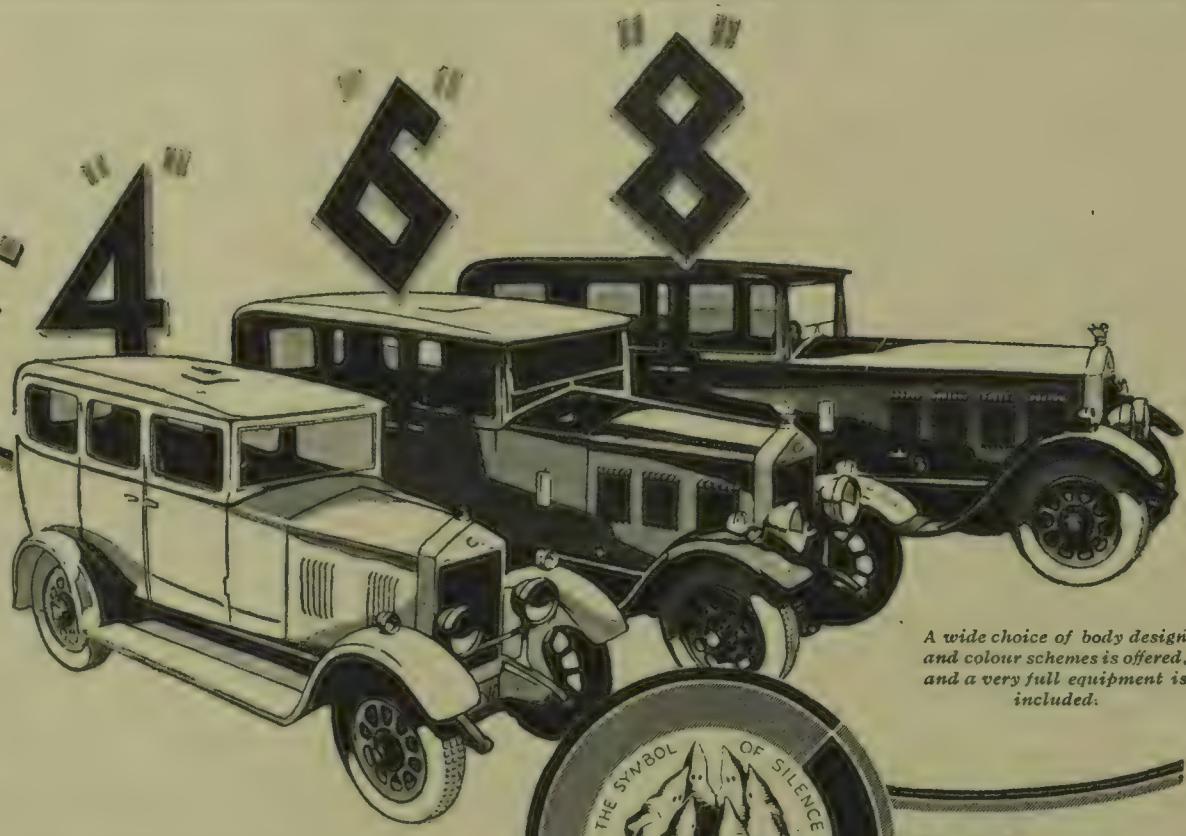
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Fabric Saloon - £530	Fabric Saloon - £750
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Continued.]
unconsciously driving on a flat tyre, which I have an idea I did one night when negotiating a stretch of those pleasing December floods.

The New Nash. As of the making of books, so there appears to be no end of the making of new American motor-cars. I forget what the current figures are of the car-owning proportion of the population of the United States, but I think it is something like a car for every six persons. You would have thought, that being so, and in consideration of the enormous number of American cars which are exported every year, that there was no room for any new makes. Apparently you would be wrong. The motor trade seems to flourish amazingly in spite of that dark shadow to which people shudderingly refer as the saturation point.

A Quiet Car. The Nash which has recently arrived in this country is not an absolutely new car, but it is a post-war product. I had one out on trial some time ago, and was favourably impressed with its design and performance. It is of the medium-price type, with the large engine, the type which is, perhaps, the commonest sent over here—a large sedan of considerable comfort mounted on a chassis with a six-cylinder engine of over three-and-a-half litres content, with a £26 tax, costing £550. It runs extremely quietly; in fact, more quietly than any American car I have met. The engine pulls very smoothly, and there is practically no vibration at the highest speeds. It picks up very well; gear-changing is easily and noiselessly accomplished; its four-wheel brake set is powerful and progressive in action; it is well sprung, and it is a thoroughly comfortable motor-car.

These qualities are to be found in numbers of cars, but I must admit that some of them are more pronounced in the Nash than

in any other car I have seen.



THE WINNER OF THE SAILING RACE FROM AUSTRALIA:
THE FOUR-MASTED BARQUE "HERZOGIN CECILIE."

The "Herzogin Cecilie" reached Falmouth on the evening of April 24 after a ninety-six days' voyage from Port Lincoln, South Australia. Her rival, the four-masted ship "Beatrice," was left behind at an early stage of the race.

would be expected at that price. It is not, in our sense, an exciting car, because, although its engine, with its bore and stroke of 83 by 114, is certainly a large one, its yield of power is not high in a European sense. Its maximum speed is in the neighbourhood of 55 miles an hour, but the attraction of the engine lies in the fact that from 5 to 55 (in the familiar words of the advertisement) the going is extremely sweet. You can scarcely hear the engine at work at 35 miles an hour, and there is not only flexibility, but really swift pick-up.

Neatness and Plainness. The engine is very neatly finished for an American, and everything about it

is accessible. It is an unusually plain and straightforward car from one end to the other, the four-wheel brakes being of the "straight" kind, without any form of servo assistance. The four-door saloon, known as Model 340, is a good example of the better-class American coachwork. It is well built and unusually well finished, and at any speed it remains noiseless. The details of the equipment are well carried out, there being a particularly attractive walnut steering wheel with the lamp-switches controlled by a lever above it to match the ignition and throttle levers. The dashboard fittings include an excellent petrol gauge, and what seemed to me to be an accurate speedometer.

Looking over the notes I made during the trial, I find that I have no real criticism to bring against this car considering its price. I do not care for the hand-brake, but the Americans now appear to have decided that this should only be used for parking. I don't agree with them at all, but, if that is their way of looking at things, it is no good continuing to criticise it. I regard the Nash as a thoroughly comfortable, easy-running, well-made car, and the price distinctly moderate.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

MOËT & CHANDON CHAMPAGNE



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KING GEORGE V.

DRY IMPERIAL VINTAGE 1919

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CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

We give this week the fourth game from the match now being played between E. D. Bogoljubow and Dr. M. Euwe at Scheveningen. It is an extraordinary specimen of master-chess, and in style suggests a "skittle" in a café, with the slogan of: "When you see a head, hit it!" Detailed annotation would be absurd, nearly every move containing a threat or the germ of a "brilliance," and we advise our readers, especially the students, to uncover the score move by move, endeavouring to forecast the reply. This process, as the Chess Editor of the *Evening Standard* suggests, will provide much amusement—and a great many surprises.

WHITE (Euwe.)	BLACK (Bogoljubow.)	WHITE (Euwe.)	BLACK (Bogoljubow.)
1. P Q4	Kt K B3	26. K R B1	Q R K t R
2. P Q B4	P Q4	27. K R t 1	R R 6
3. P x P	Q x P	28. B Q2	Q R K R 1
4. K t Q B3	Q Q R 4	29. Q R Q 1	R x P ch
5. K t B3	K t B3	30. K K t 1	R(R7)R2
6. P K 4		31. R B2	

The position is now somewhat like the Centre-Counter opening as exploited by Mieses.

7. P Q5	K t Q K t 5	31.	R R 8 ch
8. B K t 5 ch	P B 3	32. K K t 2	R(R8)K 7 ch
9. Q R 4	Q x Q	33. K K t 1	R x R
10. B x Q	I Q K t 4	34. B x P ch	
11. B K t 3	K t Q 6 ch		Never say die!
12. K 2	P K 5	34.	K t x B
13. K t K t 5	P K t 5	35. R Q 7 ch	K B 3
14. Q K t x P	B R 3	36. K x R	B B 1
15. K 3	P x P	37. R x R P	I Q 6 ch
16. B R a ch	K K 2	38. K K t 1	R K t ch
17. K t Q 2	P R 3	39. K K 2	K K 4
18. K t 3	P K t 4	40. B Q r	K B 6 ch
19. P K t 4		41. B x K t	P x B
He dare not play K t x P yet.		42. R R 4	R K t ch
19.	P R 4	43. K K 1	R x P
20. K t x P	P x P ch	44. R B 4 ch	K K 2
21. K K t 2	B R 3	45. K K t 1	R K t ch
22. P B 4	P x P e.p. ch		
23. Q K t x P	B x K t		
24. K t x B	K t K 5		
25. K t x K t	P x K t		

White resigns, having no more rocks to heave. A truly Homeric combat, which left the contestants "all square"!

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 4024.—By E. G. B. BARLOW.

[2BR4; 8; 3P4; 1Q1Ktp1R1; 3Kp3; 1R1Kt4Kt; 2P5; B6K.]

Key-Move: K R x P [Rg5—e5].

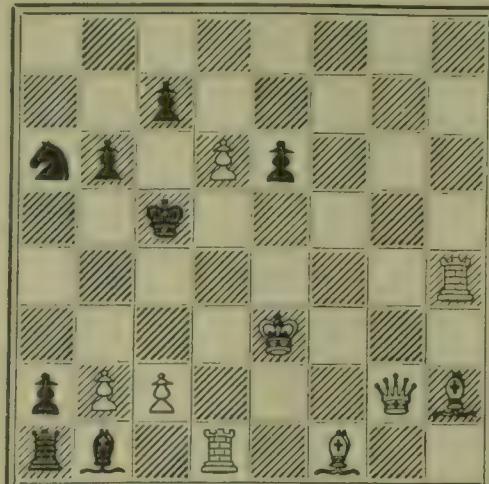
If 1. — K x R, 2. B x Kt; if 1. — P x R, 2. Q Kt6; if 1. — K Kt6, 2. Q Q3; if 1. — Kt any, 2. Q B5; and if 1. — P K6, 2. Q x Kt.

The capturing key is quite in order in this type of problem, with its four self-pits and one self-block. The pawn at K4 is necessary to prevent a "cook" by R K 8. Many solvers have praised the delicacy of construction and the prettiness of the mates in Mr. Barlow's problem, and R K t 3 (foiled by K t K 6) has proved a trap for the unwary.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 4021 received from Geo. Parbury (Singapore); of No. 4022 from J S Almeida (Bombay); of No. 4023 from J W Smedley (Brooklyn), C K Thomas (Ithaca, N.Y.); Charles Wilting (Philadelphia); of No. 4024 from L Horner (Toulon), H Burgess (St. Leonards), Antonio Ferreira (Porto),

F N (Vigo), A Edmeston (Llandudno), E Pinkney (Driffield), Comandante F Melendez (Ceuta), J M K Lupton (Richmond), and Senex (Darwen); and of No. 4025 from Senex, J M K Lupton, L W Cafferer (Newark), A Edmeston, E G B Barlow (Bournemouth) C Stainer, M Heath, J Francis (London), H Richards (Brighton), F N (Vigo), E J Gibbs (London), W Jones (Hawarden), J T Bridge (Colchester), M E Jewett (Grange-over-Sands), H Burgess (St. Leonards), and Rev W Scott (Elgin).

PROBLEM No. 4026.—By EDWARD BOSWELL.
BLACK (8 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

In Forsyth notation: 8; 2p5; ktp1Pp3; 2k5; 7R; 4K3; ppp3QB; rbiR1B2.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Some comment has been caused by the absence of British players from the list of masters invited to take part in the tournament at Bad Kissingen; and though all the selected masters are at least as strong as our best, we think Atkins, Yates, or Thomas might have been asked, remembering the welcome which has always been given to foreign masters in our prize competitions. One looks in vain for the names of Alekhine and Emanuel Lasker, but possibly they may have declined an invitation.

Lud-Eagle have won the championship of the London League for the first time in twenty years, finishing with a smashing victory over Metropolitan, and we sincerely congratulate the old club upon managing to finish half-a-point ahead of the formidable Hampstead team. The championship of "B" Division had already been won by Claremont before their last match, which was just as well, as in this they only scored one win and two draws out of the twelve games!

When illustrating in our last issue the German "rocket" car, recently tested at Frankfurt with remarkable results, we inadvertently omitted to mention that the photographs of the car which we published were taken by Herr Otto W. Gail.

MR. P. G. H. FENDER AND THE "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS."

IN county cricket of the present day there are few captains who will be remembered in time to come for their qualities simply as captains. It is a common complaint. Where are the Graces, the Jacksons, the Nobles, the Warners, or the Armstrongs? But there is one leader, the captain of Surrey, who is sure of his place in history. Strong in purpose and courageous in practice, Mr. P. G. H. Fender ranks with the first cricket captains of his time—or of any time. Always original, and often daring, he has never yet laid himself open to the reproach of rashness. No other captain has so ruthlessly scouted tradition when occasion seemed to demand it, and no one has more consistently inspired his team with an example of keenness than this cool thinker and subtle tactician. The greatest importance, therefore, attaches to his reminiscences of the game, which are to be published throughout the summer in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. Here are his opinions, bold in conception and fearlessly set down, his proposals for the present and his suggestions for the future. Not to mention the many intriguing anecdotes of the past. The first instalment of this remarkable series appears in the issue of the *Sporting and Dramatic* on sale on Friday, in which Mr. Fender deals with cricket in the West Indies and the personalities of the present touring side.

We note with interest that the Champion Sparking Plug Company are once again reminding motorists to change their sparking plugs once a year, and are making May 6 to 12 a National Change Week, to emphasise further the importance of installing a complete set. Automobile research has conclusively proved the wisdom of this practice, and there is no doubt that the wise motorist who follows such a course will save the cost of the new plugs many times over in less petrol and oil used.

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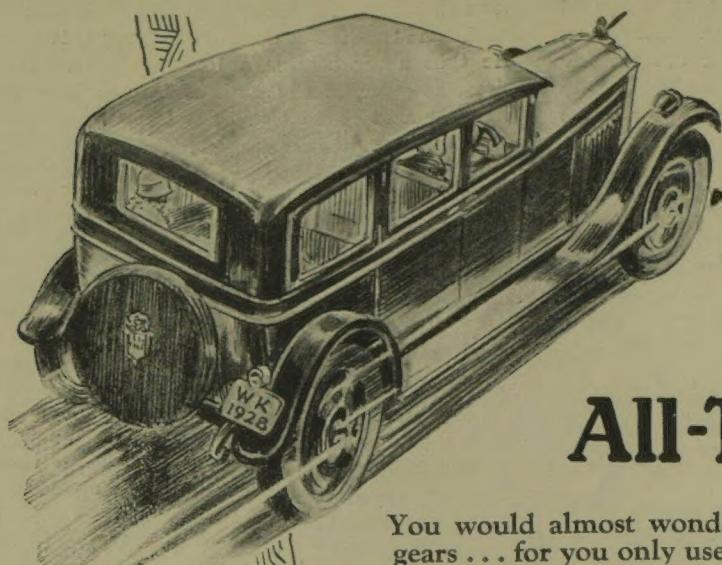
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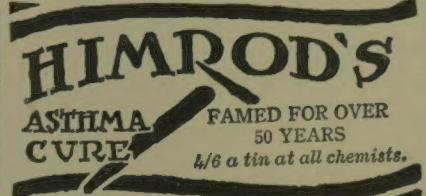
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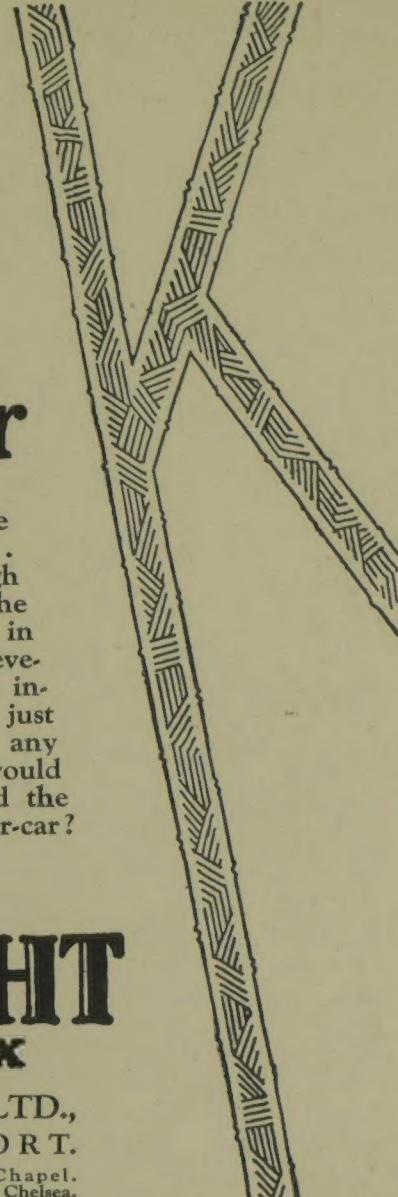
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TOMBSTONE OF A ROMAN CAVALRYMAN AT COLCHESTER.

(See Illustration on "Our Notebook" page.)

TOMBSTONES of the type illustrated are not at all unusual on the frontiers of the Roman provinces. In the case of cavalrymen the deceased is represented riding over a prostrate barbarian, who usually lies almost upon his back beneath the horse. In the present case the barbarian is crouched on his shield on hands and knees and is, exceptionally, nude and unarmed. Sometimes the deceased is represented striking at the fallen foeman, but quite often not so.

The greatest value of these monuments is the information they yield us upon the *auxilia* of the Roman Army. These troops were quite independent units and distinct from the legions. They were recruited from warrior tribes which had been conquered, were organised in *alae* of cavalry and *cohortes* of infantry, and were employed on the frontiers of the Empire, but never in their own province. Our knowledge of these units from ancient writers is very meagre; much more has been divulged by monuments such as these tombstones, by votive inscriptions and by the military *diplomata*. These latter were certificates of discharge from the army and of the bestowal of the Roman citizenship. From these sources a very large list of regiments has been assembled, and the lists of those serving in the various provinces have become nearly complete. The best proof of this is the fact that the new discoveries of recent years but rarely yield us a new regimental title.

Nevertheless our knowledge of the auxiliaries, though not small, is very imperfect as compared with our knowledge of the legions. The arms, armour, and equipment of the former are scarcely referred to by the historians, so that we are entirely dependent upon the sculptured figures for these details. In many cases they are very carefully represented, and the new find at Colchester is one of the most carefully carved examples yet found. The uniform of the rider and harness and trappings of the horse stand out in clear relief. The inscription may be expanded—

LONGINVS · SDAPEZEMATYGI · F(ilius),
DVPLICARIUS ALA PRIMA T[RA]CVM,
PAGO SARDI(co) ANNO XL AEROR(um)
XV. HEREDES · EX S(uo) TESTAM(ento)
F(aciendum) C(uraverunt) H(ic) S(itus) E(st).

And translated—

Longinus, son of Sapezematygus, a Duplicarius of the first Ala of Thracians, from the district of Sardica, in his fortieth year and fifteenth of service. The heirs of his will had (this) monument made. Here he lies.

Sardica, also spelt Serdica, is the ancient name of the modern capital of Bulgaria, and the town and tribe of the same name were included in the province of Thrace. There is a similar stone of another member of the same regiment at Cirencester, and the H of Thracum is similarly omitted upon it. The use of the word *Pago* is unusual, the normal word being *regione*. Similarly *aerorum* is unusual for *stipendiorum*,

on the analogy of which the barbaric genitive is formed.

Longinus died before completing his service. He thus never became a Roman citizen. He had risen, however, to the rank of Duplicarius—that is, second officer of a troop. The fact that he died on service seems to indicate very clearly that the Ala was stationed at Colchester (Camulodunum) at that time. If this deduction be correct, then the stone gives us the first indication of a military occupation of that place. Such an occupation is most likely to have been during the few years following the capitulation of the Trinobantes in A.D. 43. With this the excellent workmanship and style of the carving and lettering would well agree.

The decoration of the top of the stone is particularly remarkable. A Sphinx flanked by lions, as here, is not at all unusual. But this Sphinx seems to have human hind-quarters, the knees being visible. The lions are also extraordinary, inasmuch as a large snake has seized upon the tail of each. Possibly explanations of these facts may be forthcoming, but on the verge of the morass of symbolism the present writer prefers to stop.

The store of archaeological treasures beneath the modern Colchester is still far from exhausted. A national appeal is shortly to be made by the Essex Archaeological Society for funds wherewith to excavate two *insulae* of the Roman town. Preliminary trenching has already shown that massive public buildings occupy the site, which has been made available by the generosity of the Mayor and Corporation.

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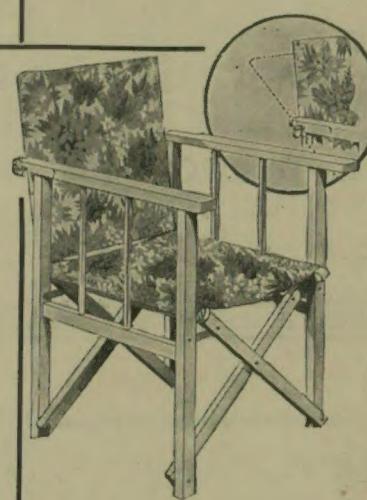
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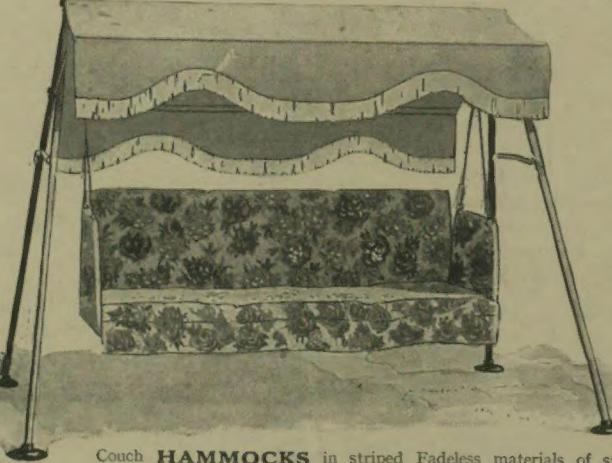
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